

Epilogue.

Some have expected from our Bills to day
To find a Satyre in our Poet's Play.
The Zealous Rout from Coleman-street did run,
To see the Story of the Fryer and Nun,
Or Tales yet more Ridiculous to hear,
Fench'd by their Vicar of Ten pounds a year;
Of Nuns, who did against Temptation Pray,
And Discipline laid on the Pleasant way:
Or that to please the Malice of the Town,
Our Poet should in some close Cell have shown
Some Sister, Playing at Content alone;
This they did hope; the other side did fear,
And both you see alike are Conzen'd here.
Some thought the Title of our Play to blame,
They lik'd the thing; but yet abhor'd the Name:
Like Modest Puncks, who all you ask afford,
But, for the World, they would not name that word.
Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,
Our Poet meant no Scandal in his Play;
His Nuns are good which on the Stage are shown,
And, sure, behind our Scenes you'll look for none.

E T I N I S



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E T I N I S



THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
Jerusalem
BY
Titus Vespasian.

In Two PARTS.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by M^r CROWNE.

PART the First.

LONDON,

Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley in Russel-street, near
the Piazza's, and the Post-house in Covent-Garden. 1677.

THE
DESTRUCTION

OF

Jerusalem

BY

James V. Albion

In Two Parts.



As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by M^r. CROWLEY.

PART the First.

LONDON

TO HER
GRACE
THE
DUTCHESSE
OF
PORTSMOUTH.

Beauty (Madam) has received from Nature a Dominion so pleasing, that Men contend not with more ambition for Empire over their own Sex, than subjection to Yours. Kings have worn Your Sexes Chains with as much pleasure as their Crowns, and Conquerours have followed Your Triumphs with as much delight as they have seen their own attended by Kings: A Dominion so absolute, that all Your Commands are Laws. Indeed Princes who are beloved, shall be absolute, their Subjects will force Arbitrary Power upon 'em: Nothing enslaves like Love, Force binds our Hands, but Love captivates our Hearts. How absolute then must Beauty be? No man yet ever had the will much less the power to rebell against it. They who should seek to depose it, would begin a Civil War in their own bosoms, and lay waste

The Epistle Dedicatory.

waste and ruinate the most delightful Possessions of their minds. And (lastly) so large, that it finds Subjects where it finds men : Its Empire extends as far as Humane Nature, and its Spoils are all that's excellent in the whole Creation. But men claim to be subjects of its Empire as the birth-right of Reason, and esteem that (too) as one of Reason's great advantages. Beasts are excluded that Claim ; cannot be naturalized into that Dominion, for want of the ennoblements of Reason. Men are exalted to love Beauty by the same faculty which lifts 'em to adore Heaven ; and there is a kind of Divinity in Beauty, which makes Love to be a kind of Religion : Beauty is certainly the fairest visible Image of Divinity in the world. The Ancients, therefore, built Temples and Altars to it, and ranked it amongst Celestial Powers. We Christians have much ado to abstain from that Idolatry ; however we pay it as high Honours, though under other Names. That these, Madam, are the Rights and Possessions of Beauty, you cannot but know ; that they are therefore yours all the World knows, but you. But, Madam, wrong your Beauty in your own opinion as much as you please, you cannot injure it in others ; the Sun will shine though you wink, and you will be fair, whether you regard it or no. And, that Beauty will have Empire, how great, may appear by the many and mighty Conquests it makes ; and in a Nation too where you have such numerous and considerable Rivals for that Dominion, some perhaps as powerful as any in the World, You, like the Goddess of Beauty, gain the Golden Ball, not from humble Mortals

The Epistle Dedicatory.

itals, but your fellow Goddesses. How clear a Title you have to it, I shall not say, for I shall not please you by it, and I shall displease them: Nothing is so hateful to the conquered as to be upbraided with their misfortune: But certainly how mean an opinion soever you have, Heaven has none, of that Workmanship which he takes care to plant such Lights of Glory round about to shew: And though Nature might have discovered you to more advantage in a greater Empire, and by brighter Lights of Fortune, yet it proves how fond she was of that fair Idea which she was not able to conceal. They then who admire you, shew but their good Manners to Nature and Providence, in commending Nature's workmanship, and Providence's choice of a Favourite. But I fear the many Fair Ones, over whom you triumph, will think themselves treated by this Discourse with too much insolence; however I am sure they will not grutch you the few Flowers that a poor Poet brings to strew in your way, especially when they come from Gardens warm'd by the lustre of your favour; and watered by Royal Bounty, which you caus'd to be shower'd upon it: moved to it by no Friends of mine, for I had few; by no Merits, for I had fewer; but only by your own excellent mind. How many attractives then have the following Poems to excuse their pressing into your presence? They attend you not only as born in general Vassalage to your Beauty, but as Creatures that received life from the concurrence of your Favour. I am now engaging in another Theme more safe than the former, I shall anger neither Sex by expatiating on an
Excellence

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Excellence which will contract You no envy, Your Patronage of Wit, that Province You may enjoy without any trouble from multitudes of Pretenders, You need not fear lest the ambitious Great Ones of either Sex invade you in it. No (Heaven be thanked) we live in an Age wherein men are content to want it, and to let others possess as much of it as they please: We need no Laws to secure us in the possession of that propriety. Witty men indeed do often quarrel with one another about it, because they know the value of it; others think it not worth contending for: Against it indeed they often strive, and they have reason, it treats 'em rudely, will have no friendship no acquaintance with them, will make no court to 'em, will scarcely lend 'em a little sense for common Conversation: This carriage I must confess is very provoking, especially when to men of Quality. They have cause to be angry with it, and to revenge themselves of it, as they often seek to do, by thrusting it out of their own, or any favour which might advantage it, setting up Fashions, Dresses, or any thing in the room of it. Your Grace then must both know and value the Jewel well, which you will take up and wear, when it is not only flung into the dirt by others, but trod upon. And wear it safely you may. Wit may dress you in all the lustre it has, and never endanger you a blasting from the fascinations of envious and malignant eyes. But though by ascribing this praise to You I displease not others, I fear I shall Your Grace, for by protesting a despised Quality You could not aim at praise: Besides praise being one of the vainest pleasures
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of mankind, so excellent a mind cannot nor need not delight in it: You may find satisfaction enough at home, You need not go abroad for happiness. And we who place Your Statues in our Gardens, add no glory to You, only make our own Walks delighted in by our selves, and frequented by others, which else would lye neglected by both. I fix then Your Grace's Image at this Jewish Temple Gate, to render the Building sacred, nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a Profanation; and in guiding them to You, they are conducted like their Ancestors to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the World. There I shall leave 'em, and retire to the contemplation of it, no moderate degree of happiness to one who is with so much devotion,

MADAM,

Your Grace's most humble,
and most obliged Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

THE

The Epistle Dedicatory.

...to excellant a mind cannot not delight
...: for my kind distinction enough as yours for me
... And as the place Your State is
... no glory to you, only make our own World
... and represented by others, which
... I fix then Your Grace
... to render the Building
... with so beautiful a Pro-
... and in guiding them to you, they are conducted
... in the most just
... I shall leave you
... the contemplation of it, no moderate degree of
... is with much devotion

MADAM

Your Grace's most humble

and most obliged servant

JOHN CROMWELL

THE
E P I S T L E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Reader,

THE world having been kind to these Plays, I would not be so ungrateful to requite any of my Judges by giving 'em offence, at least if I am so unhappy as to do it, I would not willingly let it pass without some Apologie. I have raised up an Hero in these Plays, which appears to some pious Criticks to be an evil Spirit, and makes 'em to have no good opinion of me for having such familiarity with him. There are several things in his part, and particularly in a Scene of dispute between him and his Mistress, in the third Act in the second Play, which I have been requested by many, and some very considerable persons not to print. To comply with 'em I have left out some few things, and would willingly have done all, but that on second thoughts I considered, the disarming my Hero was tacitely to acknowledge him a braver man than he is, and even yield him the better of the cause, I therefore thought it would be fairer dealing in the behalf of Truth, which needs no tricks, to expose him to all his advantages, so make the Victory of Truth the more glorious. And, Reader, if you will please to peruse that Scene carefully, you will find he is no such formidable person as imagined, and is indebted for
a his

The Epistle to the Reader.

his reputation more to others opinion and partiality, than his own strength. He makes not one argument against Religion, and only evades those that are made for it; as any one of ordinary capacity may easily discover. Indeed his cause will admit of no more. I was loth then to cut off no less than a whole limb of a Wretch, who if he had more Hands than *Briareus*, had too few to fight against Heaven: And certainly whatever I am imagined to have, I shewed him no great kindness in sending him to storm so impregnable a Tower, from whence any Child might throw him down. He might easier with *Hercules* pull up Trees by the roots, than the notion of a Deity out of the Souls of Men. A Notion so ingrafted in us, it seems a part of us: Let Men strive never so much to get at liberty from it, any hair of their Heads will hold 'em. To conclude, if I cou'd have said more for *Atheism*, it argues I have no great kindness for a Cause I have betray'd; if I said all I cou'd, I hope no one will believe me of an opinion for which I have so little to say.

This I think may suffice to recover my Reputation with these pious Criticks. Before I go home, I must visit a Lady or two by the way, to pacifie if I can their displeasure against this Scene also. They are angry not at *Phraartes* vigorous talk against Religion, but that so vigorous a Man should talk at all; they expected on his return from a Victory, something more pleasing than a Dispute. I confess they know much better than I what pleases their Sex; but at this present I was so unhappy as not to intend to please 'em. For having employ'd this and two *Heroes* more, for almost ten Acts, in nothing else but Love, I thought I had given 'em enough for reasonable Women, and might borrow this *Hero* to entertain the Men for a minute with a little reason, if it were but to give him some
respite

The Epistle to the Reader.

respite to breath : but I find 'tis harder to give some Ladies enough than I thought it was. Besides, these Ladies may consider, if they please, *Phraartes* makes not Love to them, but *Clarona*, to whom a Discourse of Love was not so pleasing as to them, who care to hear nothing else ; she loved to talk of Religion sometimes, which they never do it seems. She would fain convert *Phraartes*, which they would ne'er have troubled their heads about ; he on the other hand had as great a zeal for her Body, and it concerned his Love as much to gain her to his opinions, as it did her piety to gain him to hers ; that this very dispute is in pursuance of his Love, removing Religion, the main, only, and perpetual obstacle that lay in its way.

But perhaps a man ought not to talk Reason in Love : I confess since Love has got the sole possession of the Stage, Reason has had little to do there ; that effeminate Prince has softened and emasculated us the Vassals of the Stage. The Reason why the Off-springs of the Moderns are such short-liv'd things, is because the Genii that beget 'em are so given to women ; they court nothing but the Ladies Favours, with them they waste all their strength, whereas the lusty Ancients who fed on the wholesom Diet of good sense, and used themselves to the strong manly exercises of Reason, have been the Fathers of vigorous Issue, who have lived longer than the oldest Patriarchs, and are like to live as long as there are men. I who am a Friend both to Love and good Sense, endeavoured to reconcile 'em, and to bring Reason into favour, not with hopes to Rule ; I desired only to procure him some little Office in the Stage, but I find it made an uproar, Love would not endure such an innovation, it threatened his settled Government ; and Reason is not at all popular ;

The Epistle to the Reader.

lar; the Ladies knew not what to make of his Conversation, and the men generally sleep at it; that I see but little hopes of his preferment; which I am sorry for, since what future being I shall enjoy, I shall owe solely to him. *Titus* and *Berenice* as great Gallants as they have been in *France*, and as good a shew as they have made in *England*, have not such a substantial Fortune to maintain them for future Ages, but I am afraid will be reduced to depend on *Phraartes* for a livelihood. The whinings of Love, like a pretty new Tune, please for a while, but are soon laid aside, and never thought of more; the same Notes perhaps may help to compose another, but the old Air is altered, and for ever forgotten.

But lest it should be imagined by this long defence, I suppose the *Plays* to be correct: I acknowledg there are many faults in design, which I had no leisure to mend; and many in Words and Phrases which I had not inclination. I love not too much carefulness in small things. To be exact in trifles is the business of a little *Genius*. They therefore who pride themselves much in their knowledg of words and phraseology, boast of knowing little; for those skills appear considerable to none, but them who know nothing. Something I intended also to say in vindication of my self from theft; some Persons accused me of stealing the parts of *Titus* and *Berenice* from the *French* Play written by Mr. *Racine* on the same subject; but a Gentleman having lately translated that Play, and exposed it to publick view on the Stage, has saved me that labour, and vindicated me better than I can my self. I wou'd not be asham'd to borrow, if my occasions compell'd me, from
any

The Epistle to the Reader.

any rich Author: But all Foreign Coin must be melted down, and receive a new Stamp, if not an addition of Metal, before it will pass current in *England*, and be judged Sterling: That borrowing or stealing from Mr. *Racine* could not have supplied my occasions; but I am not so necessitous yet, nor have lived so prodigally on my small stock of Poetry, to be put so soon to those miserable shifts.

The

The NAMES of the PERSONS in both Plays.

Titus Vespasian.

Phraartes.

A *Parthian* King driven out of his Country, by a Conspiracy between the *Romans* and *Parthian* Rebels, comes to *Jerusalem* with a Royal Train; falls in Love with *Clarona*, and for her sake stays during the whole Siege.

Matthias.

High Priest, and Governour of *Jerusalem*.

Sagan.

His Deputy.

Phineas.

Prince of the *Sanhedrim*, or Supreme Council of *Jerusalem*.

Tiberias.

Commander of all the *Roman* Forces under *Titus Vespasian*.

Malchus.

King of *Arabia*,

Antiochus.

King of *Comagene*,

} Allies to *Titus Vespasian*.

And assist him with Forces at the Siege of *Jerusalem*.

John.

A dissembling *Pharisaick Jew*, made of *Matthias's* Council, but betrays him, and falsely accuses him to the Seditious.

Eleazar.

A Leader of the Seditious.

Monobazus.

Brother to the King of *Adiabene*, a neighbouring Country to *Judea*, in love with Queen *Berenice*.

Queen *Berenice*, by Nation a *Jewess*; made Queen of *Judea*, and several bordering Provinces, by the *Romans*.

Clarona.

Daughter to *Matthias*.

Semandra.

Phedra.

}
}

Women to

} Qu. *Berenice*.

} *Clarona*.

Romans, Parthians, Pharisees, &c.

The PROLOGUE to the First Part.

A Poet lately by you sent to Hell
Fustly, as he acknowledg'd when he fell:
His discontented Spirit walks around
This Stage, where he receiv'd his mortal wound.
Seeking the reason why he walks, we find
'Tis to reveal hid Treasure left behind;
Not to build Tombs of honour to his Name,
But ransom us his suff'ring friends from shame.
Some thought because he had not on the Stage,
Ranted it oft in buffing Equipage,
Profusely lavish'd all his wealth away
On some one lov'd and perhaps jilting Play,
(As some unhappily have done before)
That living niggardly he died but poor;
As if that wasting were the way to gain,
A Maxime ner'e will within Ludgate reign.
Two Chests of Rubbish, which we Bullion call,
We find of his, our skill indeed is small,
Artists alone know Mettle in the Oare,
But if it Silver prove we still are poor;
If you wit's Senators will judge it Brass;
You may instead of Gold make Leather pass,
As you have done sometimes by Sovereign Power.
And if you do, Wit has no Emperour
To whom he may appeal from your Decrees,
'Tis one of wits severest destinies
Still by a damn'd Republick to be rul'd;
where Men by names of Liberty are fool'd:
where Vertues are by Vices still out-brav'd,
And bravest Men are oft by Slaves enslav'd.
Never was born a Monarch yet in Wit,
And none by force that Throne cou'd ever get,
Though Usurpation all of you design,
And every Senator's a Cataline.
Keep these great Plots among your own high Tribe,
But do not Slaves for Senators prescribe?
Poets are Slaves, who but for your delight,
Toil in the Muses Gardens day and night.
If blood you love, then stab some living Slave;
Let this dead wretch lie quiet in his Grave.

A SONG to be sung by *Levites* at the Temple Gates, on the opening of the Scene.

*Day is dismounted on the watry Plain,
And Evening does begin to fold
Up Light's rich Cloth of Gold,
And Nature's Face the Night begins to stain.
Holy Angels round us keep,
while our sense dissolves in sleep.
while the half of us is dead
Let the living half be lead
To your Gardens, to your Bowers,
where you pass your pleasing hours.
Treat within your heav'nly Tents
Your Brethren Spirits thus in state
while they wait
The leisure of their slumbring sense.*

THE

THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
Jerusalem.

The First PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain drawn, the Brazen Gates of the Temple appear; Musick is heard within. Above, without the Temple as in the Womens Court, behind gilded Lettices, appear Queen Berenice and Clarona at their devotion.

Enter Phraartes and Monobazus.

Phra. **H**A! at Devotion still? Can the tir'd Air
Obtain no truce from Sacrifice and Prayer?

They are importunate, with their great power
They let him scarce enjoy one quiet hour;
But ply him still with Sacrifice so fast,
He's Cloy'd with new, ere he digests the last.
These are gay Splendid follies!

Monob. Something more,
If we own Gods; we must those Gods adore.

Phraar. 'Tis true! And Heaven does in no place appear,
Treated with such Magnificence as here.

Monob. I like it well.

Phraar. And I, for I confess
Were I a God I would expect no less.

But this Romantick Tale of Gods and Fate,
Takes well, and is a useful Art of State,
Which the fond world into subjection brings.

Monob. Since you dispute a Power supream to Kings,
What Gods may in your Kingdom Worship be?

Phraar. None — Or if any, the Slaves worship me,
Though now a Villain does prophane my Throne;
But his base blood shall soon his guilt atone:
But you, who so devout and grave wou'd seem,
With whom these Powers are in such great esteem,
Who are your heavenly Lords?

Monob. We prostrate fall
To our own Gods alone, but rev'rence all,
And if we erre 'tis on the safest hand;
All own some Power that does the world Command:
Even mighty *Rome* bows to Celestial Powers.

Phraar. She does — but lower to her Emperors.
But (ah! my Friend!) thou hast reviv'd my shame,
My blood is fir'd at that insulting name.
But all her Idols shall my Chains repent,
He make her Gods and her less insolent.

Monob. Since to this place you did your Fortunes guide,
Your envious Stars have seem'd to Change their side:
The glorious things you in short time have done
Have this throng'd City's Admiration wone.
They Idolize your name, and boast with pride,
To their great Race of Kings you are ally'd.
Exalted hopes they on your valour build;
Look to have Prophecies in you fulfill'd.

Phraar. I small respects shou'd to my Kindred pay,
Did not imperious Love command my stay.

Monob. The same insulting power confines me here,
And see, Our lovely Goddesses appear.

[Both turn towards the Temple.

Phraar. Divine *Clàrona*!

Monob. And the beautiful Queen! —

Phraar. Kneel, to whom Gods might on their Knees be seen.
Ill-manner'd Powers; with a regardless Eye,
Can you behold such beauty prostrate lye?

Monob. How bright a Vision entertains my Eyes, [Aside.
Whilst

Part. I. of JERUSALEM.

3

Whilst I am doom'd to endless miseries?
Like one shut out from Heav'n, the glories there
Torment his sight, and add to his despair.

Phraar. I'll raise 'em up; for I resentments feel,
That Creatures so Divine so long should kneel.

[*Proffers to go, and is stoppt by Monobarus.*]

Monob. Hold! they are now on some uncommon Rite,
To which this Evening they their Gods invite:
Queen *Berenice* (who not by birth alone,
As their Kings Daughter, claims the Jewish Throne;
But as successour to her Brother slain,
O're many neighbouring Provinces does Reign;
And by her beauty rules both them and *Rome*!)
Is lately from *Vespasians* Army come,
In part to tender her lost Nation peace,
And take their humble State in its distres,
To the protection of her conquering Eyes,
And partly for the great Solemnities
These devout Tribes to their dead Kindred pay,
If their own Laws and Customes they'll obey.

Phraar. 'Tis fit they should, chiefly when Princes dye,
Kings should not sleep without Solemnity.

Monob. For this some time sh'as in *Jerus'lem* staid;
Mean while the Crowd, by frantick Rebels swai'd,
From their own Governors and Priests revolt,
And every moment the Queens life assault.
This, Royal Sir, you by experience know,
For to your Sword she does her safety owe.

Phraar. Rather to yours, brave Friend, that honour's due!
I only seek in Fame to Rival you.

Monob. You're to your own unjust. But now the Queen,
Who the whole time has rudely treated been,
Weary'd with Clamours and Devotion too,
Has thoughts of bidding them and Heav'n adieu:
Some say to Night she'll towards the Camp repair,
And take her leave of Sacrifice and Prayer.
Howe're she now does her last Offerings make,
Whilst from their Oracles they Counsel take.

Phraar. Valour's the only Oracle of War!
Let 'em ask that, and their vain Altars spare.

But the great Ceremony does conclude;
When Gods retire, poor Mortals may intrude:

The Gates open, and Matthias, Sagan, and another Priest come out of the Sanctuary. Loud Musique plays. Phineas, John, Pharisees enter on one side of the Stage, Queen Berenice and Clarona on the other. Matthias whispers John and the Pharisees, who immediately after go off. Phraartes and Monobarus address themselves in dumb shew to Clarona and Berenice. The Musique at length ceases, and Matthias thus speaks to the Queen.

Matth. Now, Madam, we with solemn thanks must own,
The royal pity to your Nation shown:
You from the stormy Cloud that hovers o're
This Town, descend like a relenting Power,
Into your sacred Guardianship to take
A distrest place, which Earth and Heaven forsake:
But oft, as when the fatal hour draws nigh
of some great Man, whom pain compels to dye,
His struggling powers with scorn their sentence take,
And 'mongst themselves do a Rebellion make:
Then on his own distorted Limbs does seize,
And there chastise weak Natures Cowardise:
But thinks the while, he has with Monsters fought,
And horrid shapes are in his Fancy wrought;
So in distracting pangs our Nation lyes,
As if depriv'd of sense with Miseries.
Tearing it self, and haunted with a Fiend
That does to Zeal and Piety pretend;
And fills their cheated thoughts with Axes, Rods,
Chains, Death, and all the List of Heathen Gods:
That every thing is a false God they see,
And all they do is Zeal and Piety;
But if the hated Name of *Rome* they hear,
Then they in frantique Agonies appear:
Rending the Air with a fanattick Cry
Of Tyrants, *Rome*, new Gods, Idolatry.

Phine. Yes, Madam, this is our unhappy state;
Nay, all that *Rome* adores they so much hate,

They

Part I. of JERUSALEM.

5

They fly at you, 'cause your commanding Eyes,
Are great *Vespasian's* Gods and Destinies:
And if what he adores they can prophane,
They boast as if they had a *Dagon* slain.

Q. Bere. Yes, I their zeal to my dishonour prove,
They boldly would prescribe me whom to love:
I not alone must quit a glorious State,
And all the Crowns that on my passion wait;
But the whole power of Love I must repeal,
To please I know not what fantastique zeal.
I love, and long have lov'd; nor count it shame
If to the World my passion I proclaim,
For the renown of him I love, may hide
A Princess blushes, and excuse her pride.

Monob. Oh! my stab'd heart! what killing words I hear!
What torturing pangs must I in silence bear?

[*Aside.*

Phraar. Oh! Divine Musique! hearken fairest Saint! [*To Clarona.*
When will your Angel-voice my Ears enchant
With such a Song might ravish Gods or Kings,
And make the Crowing *Cupids* clap their Wings?

Claro. When from all goodness I my thoughts remove,
Then Heav'n perhaps may punish me with Love.

Phraar. Oh! may you ~~ascend~~ to such a height with speed,
The Gods may in your punishment exceed!
Be so severe, no heart that e're despis'd
The sacred power of Love was so chastis'd.

Q. Bere. And now their frenzy at a passion flies,
In which, more than in Arms, their safety lies:
One smile of mine can *Cesar* more subdue,
Than the whole Universe in Arms can do:
Yet is my Life in so much danger here,
Each hour some barbarous assault I fear;
Nay, coming guarded with a slender train,
I had, on my approach to Town, been slain
By a fierce Ambush for my Chariot laid,
Had not my Angel guided to my aid
This generous Prince unknown, who ever since,
Has still employ'd his Sword in my defence;
And to the King I grateful must appear,
Whose Sword obliges me with safety here.

[*To Monob.*

[*Turning to Phraar.*

Rag.

Sag. To King *Phraartes's* Sword our lives, our Town,
Altars and Temples their protection own!

Phraar. Beauty and Gods to worship men pretend,
And what they worship they should still defend;
And they alike in my protection share,
Because they equally defenceless are.

Matth. Well, Madam, since our Crowds thus rude appear,
We are unworthy of your presence here.
But now the Feast of Passover draws nigh,
The yearly triumph of Divinity;
When to his Temple all our Tribes repair
From every Nation, where they scatter'd are;
To sound his praise, and at his Altars wait,
The old Deliverance to commemorate:
When our good Angel *Egypt's* first-born slew,
And all our Tribes from bondage drew:
And through retiring Seas a passage made,
Whilst Kings and Elements our Powers obey'd;
This Feast we hope you'll with your presence grace,
The chief remain of all our Royal Race.

Q. Beren. I gladly would to Heav'n my Tribute pay,
But great Affairs will not admit my stay:
Part of my solemn Invitation here
Was the due honour I the memory bear
Of King *Agrippa*, my dear Brother slain,
Of our high blood the hope and great remain;
Whose royal life by fatal honour lost,
Your State a Friend, and me this sorrow cost.

Monob. Gods! how I tremble at the words I hear, [Aside.]
Little thinks she his Murd'rer stands so near:
And less that her fair Eyes revenge his blood,
Ev'n on his heart by whom he was subdu'd.

Q. Beren. When I the Royal Body can obtain,
From those with whom it Captive does remain,
Here in some Tomb, that does devoutly keep
Our Fathers sacred Ashes, it shall sleep:
Mean while in honour of his royal Name,
To pay my Vows and Offerings here I came;
And now my publique mourning days expire,
My own affairs command me to retire:

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But wheresoe're I shall my Progress bend,
Your Laws and State have an eternal Friend.

Phraar. And wheresoe're I this bright Beauty see, [to Clarona.
That place shall more than sacred be to me.

Matth. My Daughter, Sir, you too much honour show. [to Phraar.
For what your bounty, Madam, would bestow,
We pay our thanks, but we have all decreed,
We in *Jerusalem's* defence will bleed.
We think we War against the Gods of *Rome*,
And all that dye have Crowns of Martyrdome :
But though we *Roman* Gods and Tyrants hate,
To your Commands we gladly bow our State :
And the small time you stay command as Queen,
With all the state our Kings have treated been.

[Guards for the King and Queen,

{ *Ex. Phraar. Monob.*
{ *Beren. and Clarona.*

Matth. Now with Heavens praises we the day have clos'd,
Some hours in Counsel might be well dispos'd ;
For though we have suppress the Rebels powers,
And close confin'd them in their Vaults and Towers,
'Tis said to *Edom* they've for aid address'd,
To save poor Saints by Tyranny oppress'd.
And fifteen thousand Arbiters of State
Are on their March, the bus'ness to debate :
But though we slight these Advocates defence,
We yet may fear our Pris'ners Insolence :
Therefore their angry minds a while to please,
I sent a Train of devout Pharisees,
The only Men the Zealots now adore,
Led too by *John* our new-made Counsellor,
To ask with mildness, what is their intent ?

Phin. Yes, but I wish you better Men had sent :
For, Sir, in short, your Counsels are betray'd,
John and the Pharisees unite their Aid
To undermine your power ; the Pharisees
Their own revengeful humour to appease,
Because of late you wisely, Sir, have checkt
The pride and growth of that usurping Sect.

Sag. And th' other Traytor by designs like these
To creep in power by unperceiv'd degrees :
For which he does all Villany contemn.

He

He fawns on us, and then he prays with them.
 To every Art and subtlety he flies,
 Them he deludes with Prayers, and us wit hlies.
 The Holy Place he visits every hour,
 But 'tis to whisper in the Rebels Tower;
 What we consult, where to deceive the Rout,
 He is at once both perjur'd and devout:
 And does at once both Parties cheat and please,
 Out-faces us, out-whines the Pharisees;
 Who see his subtle Crafts, yet trust him still,
 In love to falsehood and his dextrous skill.

Matth. All these Mysterious Characters I've read,
 And seen the lurking Treachery that's hid
 In humble fawnings, and in fierce pretence
 To each punctilio of obedience.

For I'm assur'd their Treacheries infus'd
 Those false surmises, which the Crowd abus'd;
 But they shall find I so much Treason hate,
 From Foes and Traytors too I'll guard the State:

But they return ——— [*Enter John and two or three Pharisees.*]

John. No hopes or means their furies to dissuade?

Phin. Dissembling Villain, we're by thee betray'd.

John. I th' name of injur'd Piety I'd know

On whom you all these foul reproaches throw?

Phin. On thee, and that false Tribe, who on pretence
 Of rigorous Piety and nice Innocence,
 Craftily all our Interests devour,
 And whine themselves into Esteem and Power;
 Casting such Mists before the peoples eyes,
 That none but they are thought devout or wise:
 Then when they have made the Crowd our pow'r contemn,
 We must be silent, or depend on them.

John. Sir, such has bin my Service to the State,

That I disdain to bring it in debate,

And therefore shall not offer a reply

To such a false injurious Calumny.

But though my wrongs I can with patience bear,

Methinks my zeal's a little mov'd to hear

These good and pious Men reproacht — may more;

Zeal and Religion wounded on their score.

Phari. You're bold and know not whom you dis-respect,

Phin. Yes; pious Sir, 'Tis an Imperious Sect,
Wherewith our Land has swarm'd Three hundred years,
Whose pride in your dividing name appears:
You by the Stile of Pharisees are known;
Proud Separatists who common Saints disown:
And (as if you were of Diviner Birth)
The rest you Stile the people of the Earth.

Sag. From these in proud contempt your Sect with-draw,
For your Seraphick lives correct the Law:
And your Complexions are so Nice and Fair,
You're sick, if you but tast a sinners Prayer.
But Gentiles with such Nauseous Zeal you fly,
As if the sight of them defil'd your eye:
And thus our Peoples hearts and wealths you steal;
Murder and Rob with Loyalty and Zeal;
And the fond Crowd into Rebellion draw;
Abuse our State, our Altars, and our Law.

Phin. And thou, false Traytor, dost us all delude, [To John]
Both us, the Rebels, and the Multitude.

John. How! I delude!

Phin. Yes; we have Read the sense
Of all your Fawnings, Pray'rs and Diligence:
Such as false Fiends in active Duty pay
To cheated Souls, on whom they hope to prey.
Most wondrous kind and ready at each call,
Intending to betray and Dam'em all.

Matth. Yes; you have not alone your trust betray'd,
But false Constructions on my Councils made,
As if to Rome I would my Country yield,
That by its fall I might my Greatness build:
A Crime I so much scorn —

I would not sell the Stones on which I tread,
For all the Crowns upon *Vespasian's* head:
And now lest Justice should your Crimes prevent,
You to the *Edomites* for Aid have sent:
But if they shall press arm'd within the Gate,
I'll treat e'm here, as Enemies to th' State.
And then to shew how I their force despise,
I will the Rebels in their sight Chastise.

John. Ha! are my Arts and Policies deserv'd? [*Aside*
 I must defend what 'tis in vain to hide.
 Have I in your assistance wept and pray'd?
 And now must all your guilt on me be lay'd?
 This I deserve from Providence, 'tis true,
 But 'tis ingrateful wickedness in you.
 Yet I, Heaven knows, did truth and peace intend,
 But means should be as Holy as the end:
 But in this Treason I'll no longer share,
 I'll to my shame the Mystery declare.

'Tis truth, my Friends, what these bad men have said, [*To the Pha-*
 I'm an Impostor, you are all betray'd: (risees.
 I promis'd Peace; but you are sold to Rome;
 Defend your Altars, Lives, the Romans come.
 Dark Compacts with Idolaters are made,
 And they are hast'ning to these Tyrants side.
 Who to secure the Power they so much prize,
 To all the Roman Gods will Sacrifice.

Matth. Unheard of Impudence! the Fiends that fly
 Th' Air will shout at this amazing lye.

1. *Phar.* 'Tis truth! and in the Holy Cause we'll dye. [*All draw.*
 To Arms! to Arms! Tyrants! Idolatry!

Matth. Hold, you deluded men! what frantick Rage
 Has seiz'd you all? for what would you engage?

2. *Phar.* We to our Laws and Altars will be true.

Matth. And to the Gold about the Altars too.

1. *Phar.* That falshood soon shall by our Swords be shewn.

Matth. You'll guard it from all Rapine but your own.

But Hark! the Citys fill'd with new Alarms! [*An Alarm without.*
 Close all the Gates. — The news? [*Enter a Levite.*

Levit. To Arms, to Arms!

The Edomites are come! we're all in blood;

Queen Berenice is assaulted by the Crowd;

Who as she past beset her Chariot round,

Where your fair Daughter has receiv'd a Wound.

At which the Parthian King made all give way,

And had his God entreated would not stay,

But with Five hundred followers of his own,

Assisted by his Friend the brave Unknown,

Plung'd

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Plung'd in the Throng, whilst both from Tow'rs and Walls
To the *Idumean* Troops a Rabble calls,
Crying save us, save *Jerusalem*, and assist
Your Brethren, 'gainst a proud usurping Priest.

Phin. The Treason's out! now let's the Traytors seize.

Matth. These are the Grand Seducers! fall on these.

[*Phineas and the Guard chase John and the Pharisees off the Stage.*

Matth. Now, haste to th' *Edomites* without the Gate, [To Sagan.
And tell 'em they the impious pleasures wait
Of Thieves, who Rob what they pretend to Guard;
And would their Aid with Sacrilege reward:
If on fair Terms they to depart deny,
Defend the Gates and with your Darts reply. [Ex. Sagan.
And now I, guarded by the sole defence
Of these blest Robes and my own Innocence,
Will to these Favourites of Heav'n, to know
What new Credentials they have now to show.
For these proud Men their own Commissions Seal,
And place their sole Authority on Zeal.

{*Matthias goes out, and the Temple Gates*
are clos'd, and a Guard plac'd

ACT II. SCENE I.

After Clashing and Shouts without.

Enter Phineas and a Levite. Scene a Street.

Phin. **T**riumphant News! — Let us our voices raise,
And fill the Streets with Joyful sounds of Praise.
The *Parthian* King, with the brave unknown Prince,
Men that seem dropt from Heav'n for our defence,
Have chas'd the Rebels to their Vaults and Towers;
As storms drive flying Billows to the Shores.

Lev. The Kings great Soul wants but the light Divine,
To make it every way with Glory shine.

But see, the Train approach the Pallace Gate,
Whilst joyful Crowds on their Preserver wait.

*Enter Phraartes, Monobazus, Matthias, Queen Berenice, Clarona,
Semandra, Phedra, Guards. Two or Three Prisoners.*

Phraar. You lift your Swords against a King; from whence
Has your base Spirits all this Insolence? [To Prisoners
You sordid Villains at the best are made
For the low Earth, on which a King should tread.
By the mean Victory my Sword has gain'd,
I have my self and Dignity profan'd:
And can my self no Expiation make,
Less on their Altars I revenge should take:
Which I forgive! — but Drag these Slaves away,
With speed out of your Monarchs fight, and lay
Their servile Necks beneath the High Priests Feet,
Let him dispose of 'em, as he thinks meet.

*{ Guard Carries them to Matthias,
{ whilst Phraartes turns to Clarona.*

Phraar. Fair injur'd Power! what Offering shall I make?
These I disdain to give, and you to take;
'Twere Sacrilege designing to appease
Your Anger with whole Hecatombs of these:
So many Princes at your Feet should lye,
And at your Sentence either live or dye.
Howe're a Royal Sacrifice I bring,
The Flaming Soul of a Love-wounded King.

Claro. Great Prince! the Joy I in your Triumphs find
Has more already than appeas'd my mind.
For though I know not love, and any Flame,
But that of pure Devotion, must disclaim;
Yet for the Gen'rous and truly brave
Of all Religions I a Friendship have;
And as for others I my Pray'rs employ,
For your great Soul I'd be content to dye,
And oh! ---- how rich an offering would it be
To Heaven, which you thus vainly make to me.

Phraar. Oh! tell not me of Heav'n and Powers above,
There's no *Elizium* but *Clarona's* Love.

Claro.

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Claro. To a poor Shrine you offer your regard,
Where you must take Devotion for reward.

Monob. Madam, you Crown with undeserved Praise,
A courage you did both inspire and raise.

Qu. Beren. I but my sense of Gratitude would shew,
For what your Valour, Sir, did twice bestow;
Nor can the breath by your defence enjoy'd,
Be better sure then in your Praise employ'd.

Matth. Go; and abuse the Liberty I give, [To the Prisoners.]
'Gainst him, by whose indulgence now you live.
Not all the wrong I from your hate indure,
Shall one Revengeful deed from me procure;
As fellow Servants of one Lord above,
You shall enjoy my pity and my Love.
But yet I will empale my Masters ground,
And from the rotten Sheep protect the sound.

i. Phar. We'll do the same, and Guard them from the Power
Of wicked Shepherds, who the Flock devour.

Matth. These men Heaven's Favourites themselves repute,
And then as such none must their Power dispute.

[Prisoners are dismiss'd, and Matth. turns to Phraar. and Monob.]
Now, valiant Princes, we must pay to you
The publick Triumphs which to both are due;
And to the Mighty Parthian King, who springs
Of Jewish blood by a long Race of Kings,
Let the great Shades of all who wore this Crown,
For their sav'd Monuments his Valour own.
And now the Stars their twinckling Fires disclose,
And night approaching summons to repose,
Let Guards these Royal Persons wait with care,
Who both my Guests and my Protectors are.

[They all go out attended with a Guard, except Matthias and
Phineas, who stay ——— and Enter the Sagan.]

Matth. Now, what from Edom? will they stay or Fly?
And our Indulgence or our Valour try?

Sag. They are resolv'd to guard the Rebel Crue:
Till you free them, or else the Romans you.

Matth. And do they know on whose designs they wait?

Sag. They stile 'em Saints and Guardians of the State:
Till they are free'd they'll not our Walls forsake,

But

But send for Wives and a Plantation make.
Set Javelins till they grow, whose Martial shade
Shall serve for Shelter, and for Ambuscade.

Matth. Now it is plain, these *Idumeans* came
To adde fresh Brands to our domestick flame;
And on pretence our Tumults to appease,
To share with Thieves in publick Robberies.
But I'll see well to all the Guards to night,
And if to morrow the bold *Edmire*,
In Thieves defence, to face our walls shall dare,
Their Martial Plants unpleasant Fruit shall bear.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

SCENE II. *The Pallace.*

Enter Queen Berenice and Semandra.

Seman. Come, Madam, please to rest, this silent Night
Kind sleep does to her Bowers our sense invite.

Q. Ber. Let the soft thing to dying Lovers go,
And on despairing Minds her Balm bestow.
The Joy the happy hour's approaching near,
When I must leave my dull Devotion here,
And on Loves wings to my *Vespasian* fly,
Transports my Soul to such an Extasie,
That with an Empires price should not be bought,
The single pleasure of one flying thought.

Tell me, *Semandra*, dost thou not espy
A New delightful Spirit in my eye?
Does not my chearful blood its Revels take,
And often in my Cheeks fresh Sallies make?

Semand. Ah, Madam! your triumphant Beauties wear
Glories too bright for my weak eyes to bear.

Q. Beren. Be gone! thou Paint'st me in a Flattering Dress.

Semand. Rather, no Tongue your Beauties can expresse.

[*Queen Beren. pulls out a Glass and looks in it.*]

Q. Beren. Indeed my Glals will needs obliging be,
I fear th' unfaithful thing takes part with thee.

Semand. By all that's fair it does its trust betray,
Nor half the Beauties it receives repay.

Q. Beren.

Q. Ber. Nay, I confess I'm pleas'd: for I must own
 I was half weary of Devotion grown,
 What with the grief for my dear Brothers blood!
 What with the Clamours of the foolish Crowd;
 Who their own safety madly will oppose:
 What with Impatience too at length to close
 These seven long Weeks of grave Devotion here,
 Which did to me a tedious Age appear,
 I was so tir'd — that now the time is gone,
 Methinks my eyes another Air put on;
 And lay their Penitential looks aside,
 With all the Joy of a young smiling Bride.

Semand. Nay! Madam! never yet in any Face,
 Triumphant Love appear'd with so much Grace.
 But you have often promis'd to relate
 Your Loves; how long shall my Impatience wait?

Q. Ber. I have not Fancy rich enough to explain,
 Half the Delights that Story does Contain.
 'Twas on a great Triumphant Day at Rome,
 When all the Adoration Gods assume,
 Or Flattering Priests ascribe to Powers Divine,
 When with uncommon Flames their Altars shine,
 Was to the young Victorious *Titus* paid,
 When he through Rome a pompous Entry made.
 It were too dull and tedious to display
 The bright and various splendors of that Day,
 Young *Titus* Fame ne'er spoke him half so fair!
 Men Gaz'd with envy, Women with Despair.
 We who, the King our Father lately dead,
 By Rebels chac'd, to Rome's protection fled,
 Were then Spectators there —

Semand. Your Stars were kind;
 For to this mighty Fate you were design'd.

Q. Ber. And from us all this vote his meen did gain,
 That we had never seen a braver man:
 I felt my heart a secret Flame possess,
 But thought my Eyes secur'd my Heart success.
 Tho *Roman* Ladies did my Rank contemn,
 At least my Beauty might contend with them.
 And so it prov'd; for the whole time he staid,
 His sole Address was at my Altars made:

Which

Which they resented with such scorn, and Pride,
Some rag'd with madness, some with envy dy'd.
But, oh my Stars! how pleas'd was I to see
My Beauty thus revenge my Qualitie.

Semand. Oh Heaven! that I that Victory had seen!
And from that time your Joys have dated been?

Q. Ber. Not to relate how oft th' imperial Groves
And Gardens have been Witness of our Loves,
Eternal Vows in their delightful shade,
With an entire Exchange of Hearts, were made.

Semand. Since which your Stars, propitious to your Love,
Did in few Months two Emperors remove,
That old *Vespasian* to that Glory chose,
No rigorous Laws your passion might oppose;
And if those Rites he'll stubbornly Maintain,
Few Months will period the old Monarchs reign.

Q. Ber. Name not the Empire; Power I contemn,
'Tis Love I seek, I scorn the Diadem.

Semand. But hark! Delicious sounds that way descend,
The *Parthian* King's fair Mistress they attend. [Musick within.

Q. Ber. Sent by the King, no question, and design'd
To chase sad thoughts from her too-Pensive mind.
That Divine Creature always is above,
Nothing below can her attention move.

Semand. Madam, she always like a Flame ascends,
From Heaven she came, and towards Heav'n she tends;
And has so small concerns for things below
She never yet was seen to change her Brow.
Somtimes indeed she has let fall a tear,
But 'twas when others griefs she chance't to hear.
Her own are into Bowers and Temples made,
And there she sings as in some pleasant shade.

Q. Ber. She far excels the happy Minds above:
But cannot her fair soul descend to Love?

Semand. Yes, as the Saints do in the other state;
Or Guardian Angels those on whom they wait?

Q. Ber. Such sublime Friendships may Devotion please:
But is the brave young King content with these?

Semand. Madam, I doubt he aims at something more,
Though it is said he ne're lov'd so before;

He

He looks upon her as some Heavenly thing,
And doubts if he should Love or Incense bring?

Q. Beren. Well; my Complexion is not so Divine,
More of this drossy Earth is mixt with mine —
But King *Phraartes* comes, let us away,
And strive to hasten on th' approaching Day.
Which with the View of him shall Feast my sight,
Who is both mine and all the Worlds delight.

[Exit.

SONG sung within.

Hence, hence, thou vain fantastick fear
Of Ills to come, we know not where;
Stand not with thy infernal face
To fright my Love from my embrace;
To what a height shou'd we love on,
Wert thou and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry forbear
'Tis sin, I neither must nor dare;
If sin can in these pleasures dwell,
If this can be the Gate of Hell,
No flesh can hold from entering in;
Heaven must forgive so sweet a sin.

Down, down she does begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vanish all;
And now the Gate is ope to bliss,
And now I'm enter'd Paradise;
Whilst envying Angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we doe.

Enter *Phraartes*, *Monobazus*.

Phraar. Ah Friend! my heart here in an Ambush lyes,
I'm wounded by a Spirit in Disguise.
A thing compos'd of Prayer, whom if I wed,
Some Incense cloud must be our Nuptial bed.

[*Mon.* is *Pensive*, and seems not to regard *Phra.*

Phraar. But Ha! my Friend in grief! shall I complain,
Of his unkind retirements still in vain?

Monob. Sir, you have many sorrows of your own,
And to add mine would be unkindly done.

Phraar. I many sorrows? thou mistak'st the name,
Too fierce resentments of my injur'd Fame.
That after many a glorious Victory,
When *Rome* with Terrour did my Valour try,
That a bold Villain should his King betray,
And bolder *Rome* should give my Crown away;
Are wrongs for which not I, but *Rome* shall grieve,
Who soon severe Correction shall receive.

Monob. I do not doubt but your great Soul's above
The Power of Fate, but can you conquer Love?

Phraar. Thou find'st the only weakness of my mind,
There I must own some tenderness I find.
An unknown passion makes my spirit bow;
Whose insolence I never felt till now.
I've seen, admir'd, ador'd, yes and enjoy'd,
Till both my Eyes and Appetite were Cloy'd;
Beauties of all Complexions, Nations, Graces;
Hourly attended once on my Embraces.
Each hour to different pleasures I could go;
Now cool my blood in the *European* Snow,
Then heat it at the *Asian* Fires again,
Then boil it o're a Sun-burnt *African*.
But this one Beauty has subdu'd me more,
Than all the Armies of 'em did before.

Monob. But to her Captive she will mercy shew.

Phra. Oh! she is colder than the Mountains Snow.
To such a subtile purity she's wrought,
She's prayed and fasted to a walking thought.
She's an enchanted Feast, most fair to sight,
~~But~~ starves the appetite she does invite;
Flyes from the touch of sense, and if you dare
To name but love, she vanishes to air.
Ten days has this bright flame confin'd me here,
Ruling my soul with tyranny severe.
~~But~~ too much talk on my own griefs I spend:

Now let me hear the sorrows of my Friend.

Monob. Reservedness to so great a Prince were rude,
And to so brave a Friend ingratitude.

Have you not heard of *Monobazus* name?

Phra. Yes, Prince, and am acquainted with your fame.
The valiant Brother of the *Adiabenan* King. [Embraces him.

What wandering Fortunes cou'd thee hither bring?
I've heard how thou didst guard his life and Crown,
When Slaves wou'd have depos'd him from the Throne,
Because some Merchant Jews, 'mongst other Wares,
Had made him change his own Belief for theirs.

Monob. Service beyond the gratitude of Kings,
Like Crimes, Misfortune on the Subject brings.
So he the least acknowledgments disdain'd,
And fought the life of him by whom he Reign'd.
Thrice I his Armies beat in open Field,
Making his struggling Fate entirely yield:
Subjecting Kings that to his aid he drew,
One in the head of all his Troops I slew.
Then gave him back his vanquish'd Crown, and went
By my own doom to willing Banishment.
Roving the world I hither chanc't to stray,
And drawing nigh this Town in close of day,
It was my fate, by an old shady wood,
To see a Chariot with arm'd Troops pursu'd.
With my own Train to its relief I made,
And came not much untimely to its aid.
But for my own repose with too much speed,
For scarce I had th' assaulted freed,
But streight a Goddess, or a thing more bright,
With murdering Beauties charg'd my dazl'd sight.

Phra. And 'twas the Queen.

Monob. It wounds my heart to tell,
It was the Sister of the King who fell
By my curst Sword; and she was going then
To mourn the death of him, whom I had slain.

Phra. Killing surprize! I pity now thy flame,
And shall no more thy sad Retirements blame.

{ *Clarona appears above in the Balcony in her Night-dress,*
 with a Taper in one hand, and a Book in another.

But ha! whence comes this golden dart of light,
Which on the sudden wounds the breast of night?

Monob. See, some new wonder, Sir, invites our eyes. [*Shows Clar.*

Phra. The chief indeed of Jewish Prodigies.
Young, fair, and woman, and without desire,
The only Miracle I can admire.

Monob. She's at Devotion sure, for it is said,
Thrice in the night she from her downy bed,
And soft repose, does her fair body raise,
And from her window towards the Temple prays.

Phra. Nay, from above she certainly dropt down,
And like some *Siren* in a Tempest thrown
From her own Element, and place of birth,
Can relish none of all the Joys on Earth.
I am all flame at sight of one so fair.

Mon. I am all shade, and wander in despair.

Phra. She's giving audience to some Angel now,
I must disturb 'em, for I jealous grow.

Monob. May your fair Goddess to your Prayers be kind,
I'll go relate my sorrows to the wind.

[*Exit.*

Phra. Clarona!

Clar. Ha! who calls?

Phra. A wretched thing
That begs your pity.

Clar. The great *Parthian* King:
What is it creeps into his Royal breast
This stormy night, and drives away his rest?

Phra. What should, or can disturb my rest, but love?
That bearded Shaft which nothing can remove.
But you are still engag'd in heav'nly things,
And have no pity for poor mortal Kings.

Clar. Alas, Sir! do you my compassion crave?
Your glorious Acts my admiration have.

Phra. And yet not love where admiration's due?

Clar. Oh yes! my love does the whole world pursue
With all the blessings of my hourly Prayer,
And you, the noblest part, have sure your share.

Phra. Blessings and Prayers, and at a common Feast,
Where the whole world is an invited Guest,
Do not crowd me among the fordid rout,

Where

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Where all your Charity is dol'd about.
But me to Noble Entertainments bring,
And treat me like a Lover and a King:
Nor shall the saucy world sit down with me,
Gods at this Feast shall my Attendants be.

Clar. Religion is a Feast of true delight,
To which might I your glorious Soul invite,
You never wou'd repent your happy state,
And I with joy wou'd at your Table wait.

Phra. My relish no Camelions food endures,
My love I long to entertain with yours:
Let Souls like Planets be with Vapours fed,
Invite my senses to the Nuptial bed.

Clar. I merit not so great a Monarch's Throne:
But were I worthy, I am not my own.
I am the Child of Sacrifice and Prayer,
Born when the Womb did totally despair.
My Soul was kindled at an Altar flame;
Religion gave instructions for my frame:
And Nature punctually her Rules obey'd,
And me exactly for Religion made.
And from my birth I've educated been
A Maid of Honour to that mighty Queen.
And now am Heaven's adopted Daughter grown,
And, like some Virgin Heiress of a Throne,
Guarded and waited on by Spirits, fed
By Prayer and Contemplation, Angels bread.
Inclos'd from all the world, and scarcely dare
Mix my devoted breath with common air.
And in this state I ever must remain,
And not in thought my Virgin-whiteness stain.

Phra. Blest news! the only glory I design:
Now you are fit for no embrace but mine.
And I have long desir'd to mix my blood
with some Celestial Daughter of a God.

Clar. Your mortal Deities, Sir, may bestow
Their Daughters on you, yet your Match below.
The King I hope will these expressions bear?
But yet if I of his Religion were,
I in the same condition would remain;

For

For I wou'd be of chaste *Diana's* Train,
In Woods and Forests breathe untainted air,
And against love an open War declare.
And e're your little God shou'd conquer me,
With *Daphne*, I'd be turn'd into a Tree.

[Exit.

Phra. You shou'd not long within your bark remain,
I wou'd embrace you into life again.
But ha! here's one with News.

[Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Haste, Sir, and see
The stormy Air all fill'd with Prodigy;
A numerous Army in the Skye appears,
And every Troop a bloody Banner bears.
They march along in the Moons timerous light,
Then dive in air and vanish from our sight.

Phra. This is some charm'd and visionary Land,
I scarce can trust the ground on which I stand.
Their Earth oft trembles, and their Buildings groan,
Built like the *Theban* Walls of living stone.
Their Stars grow Comets, Clouds arm'd Legions breed,
Each has more Warriours than the *Trojan* Steed:
Wonders, not Fishes, spawn within their Seas,
And all the winds that blow breathe Prophecies.
Nor are their People of a Kind entire,
But got betwixt Devotion and Desire.
But let us see if Nature with a grace
Can shew her tricks, and cheat me to my face.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Scene of outward court of temple.**Enter Matthias, Phineas, Sagan, Guard.*

Matth. AN Army in the Air.

Sag. I saw it move.

Phin. And round the Skye Troops of Iron Chariots drove.

Sag. Through all the Air they scattered Rays so bright,
As if their prancing Steeds were shod with Light.

Phin. Straight of the sudden all the Shapes were flown,
The war-like Imagery was taken down;

Folded

Folded in pitchy Clouds, and roll'd with care
Into the Wardrobe of the wealthy Air.

Sag. The Martial Atoms, from their noble form
Dissolv'd in Clouds, now combat in a Storm.

Phin. The Air ungovern'd by its Prince the Sun,
Like factious States, to Anarchy does run;
Wind, Thunder, Rain, and Lightning strive to share,
Like Rebels, all the Provinces o'th' Air.

See! how the Clouds like angry surges fly,
And dash the Crystal beaches of the Skye!

Sag. The stormy night now she her period knows,
Cruel and fierce, like an old Tyrant, grows;
Whilst all her Train, before her Mistress dyes,
Revel about, and ransack all the Skyes.

Matth. This Tempest comes from Heaven's dispensive hand,
These Divine Riddles who can understand?
What means that fiery Sword's mysterious Ray,
Which o're our shaking Towers night and day,
In Heaven's bright Canopy does proudly shine,
As brandisht by the Majesty Divine?

Sag. Methinks *Jerusalem*, at her solemn Feast,
Seems treated like the Tyrants trembling Guest,
In Purple clad, her Table richly spread,
But death and horror hanging o're her head.

Phin. Heaven's Arch ne're shone with such a light before,
It seems as if some Angel lictour bore
The blazing Fasces, at the passing by
Of some Divine Procession in the Skye.

Matth. Alas! we in *Jerusalem* daily see
A greater, and a living Prodigie.
A man-like Eccho pin'd into a Sound,
A walking Vault that does one tone rebound;
And night and day does in our Streets proclaim,
With restless Soul, Woes to *Jerusalem*;
And nor for Prayers nor Racks concern'd will be,
But senseless as *Dodona's* vocal Tree.
But ha! the wrestling winds are out of breath,
And all is silent now, like sleep or death.

Phin. The tilting winds have stopt in full career,
And the fierce Lightning now has broke his Spear.

Sag. The appeas'd Clouds now mildly kiss the shore,
Of that bright Skye they did assault before.

[Noise is heard like an Earthquake.]

Matth. What frightful noise is that?

Sag. In the Earth's Womb

The four imprison'd winds contend for room.

Matth. The shaking Earth is seiz'd with trembling pangs,
And on thin air the vaulting City hangs. *[A small voice is heard.]*

Phin. Hark! a shrill voice beneath the Altar cries.

Sag. Some ominous Bird sure through the Temple flies.

[The Prophet is discover'd asleep by the Altar.]

But ha! see where the restless Prophet's thrown:

That is the ominous Bird, whose frightful tone
Fills all Jerusalem with pannick fear.

What pow'rful Demon has convey'd him there?

Phin. The Spirit of *Ob*, that in the Wizard cries,
From whence he has his lying Prophecies.

Seize on the shrieking Owl; shall he alone
Have rest, that let's Jerusalem have none?

Matth. Forbear — This Creature, like a Trumpet, knows
No sound he gives, it is Heaven's breath that blows.

[Prophet wakes and rises.]

Proph. From the bright dwellings of the rising Sun,
And from his resting place when day is done,
From the four winds and the Earth's hollow womb
A Voice, a Voice — a dreadful Voice is come,
A Voice against our Elders, Priests, and Scribes,
Our City, Temple, and our holy Tribes,
Against the Bridegroom, and the joyful Bride,
And all that in Jerusalem reside.

Woe, woe, woe. —

Phin. Stop, stop the Witch.

Matth. Hold! let him pass secure,
His raving Soul does pain enough endure.
And his unconquer'd flesh no torment lacks,
Has weary'd Torturers and torn the Racks;
As if unsoul'd, and acted by some Power
That sent him here, as Fate's Ambassador.

Phin. No Law of Nations shou'd be his defence,
He seems an Agent for some Pestilence.

Matth.

Matth. Begone, poor wretch, and seek thy own repose,
And Heaven prepare us for these threaten'd Woes.

Proph. Woe, woe, woe.

[*Ex. Prophet.*

Phin. He grates my Ears with this unpleasant sound :
But heark ! a Voice does from the Vault rebound.

[*A great Voice is heard from under the Stage like a Tube.*

Matth. A Voice ! 'tis Thunder, or some Pagan God
Groans here tormented, chace't from his abode.

[*The Voice cries*——Let us depart.

Let us depart, the horrid Voice does cry !
What art that call'it ? and whither shou'd we fly ?

Phin. The Temple lives ! it mov'd before and broke
The bars that fetter'd it, and now it spoke.

Matth. It rather dyes ! and these affrightful groans
Are its departing Soul's contending moans.

[*The Vale flies open, and shews the Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Matth. But oh ! retire, the sacred Curtain tears,
And all the Temple's bright third Heaven appears ;
And, to the prophanation of our Eyes,
Exposes all the Divine Mysteries.

Sag. It seems as if the starry Heaven were rent,
And Angels shone through the torn Firmament.

Matth. And see---one of that bright and heavenly Quire
Appears above, all clad in Robes of fire ;
And now does from the golden Roof descend,
Whilst the Vaults groan, and yielding Arches bend.

Sag. Let's fall upon our faces, lest we dye.

Phin. Haste to the Incense Altar ! let us flye.

Matth. You may——but I fix'd here will boldly stay,
And hear what this strange Messenger will say.

[*An Angel descends over the Altar, and speaks.*

Ang. Stay, stay ; your flight, fond men, Heav'n does despise,
All your vain Incense, Prayers, and Sacrifice.
Now is arriv'd *Jerusalem's* fatal Hour,
When She and Sacrifice must be no more.
Long against Heaven hast thou, *Rebellious Town*,
Thy publick Trumpets of Defiance blown ;
Didst open Wars against thy Lord maintain,
And all his Messengers of Peace hast slain :
And now the Hour of his Revenge is come,

Thy Weeks are finish'd, and thy slumbring doom,
Which long has laid in the Divine Decree,
Is now arous'd from his dull Lethargie;
His Army's rais'd, and his Commission seal'd,
His Order's given, and cannot be repeal'd:
And now thy People, Temple, Altars, all
Must in one total Desolation fall.

Heav'n will in sad Procession walk the round,
And level all thy Buildings with the ground;
And from the Soil, enrich'd with humane blood,
Shall Grass spring up where Palaces have stood:
Where Beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain,
For all the thousands at thy Altars slain.

And this once blessed House, where Angels came
To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,
Like a swift Vision or a flash of light,
All wrapt in Fire, shall vanish in thy sight;
And thrown aside amongst the common store,
Sink down in Times Abyls, and rise no more.

[The Angel ascends.]

Matth. Oh, wondrous Vision! Oh, I faint with fear!
Was it a humane Voice that fill'd my Ear?
A real sight that entertain'd my Eye,
Or was I snatch'd into some Extasie?

Sag. Whether I dream't or dy'd I cannot tell,
For yet more life does in a Statue dwell.

Phin. I liv'd and wak'd, and with these stedfast Eyes
Saw the strange Vision both descend and rise;
And with a Voice, that cou'd no Ears deceive,
Heard it speak wonders more than I'll believe.

Matth. Did he not tell us, in a threatening tone,
Jerusalem's fatal Hour was hast'ning on?
As if that ours and Truths eternal Sun
Had but few Minutes of his Race to run,
And this bright Heaven shou'd then be taken down,
And among all Time's common Trophies thrown?

Phin. It did.

Matth. It must be some illusion then!
The Starry Heav'n shall not so long remain.
Its Basis cannot so much strength afford,
That stands on Nature, this on Nature's Lord.

Nay,

Nay, that depends on this — For d'ye suppose
Th' unweary'd Sun his daily progress goes,
And the Earth's Womb her various Off-spring bears,
Only as Vassals to Idolaters ;
And yields her Gums and Spices to maintain
Some Glutton's Table, or some Idols Fane ;
And Heaven and Earth round in a yoke should draw,
To grind for those that break their Makers Law ?

Phin. No, 'tis for us that wait on his Commands :
For us the world was made, for us it stands.

Mat. Yes, on these Columns the whole Arch is bent,
This Golden Roof supports the Firmament.
The Sun with Altar-Flames adorns his head,
And from this Oyl the heav'nly Lamps are fed ;
And all the Order which in Nature dwells
But dances to the sound of *Aaron's* Bells.
That to say Heav'n will ruine on us send,
Is to declare the world is at an end ;
And Nature is disbanding all her Powers,
Then falls the Temple of the world, and ours.

Sag. If to Tradition we may credit give,
Ages will rowl about e're that arrive,
For yet two thousand years e're we are blest
With the Sabatick thousand years of rest.

Phin. Besides, we yet expect our promis'd King,
At whose approach a Golden Age must spring ;
And a long train of smiling years ensue,
When joyful Nature shall her youth renew :
And all the Powers that now the Earth invade,
Shall vanish each like a Gigantick shade.
And the whole Globe shall but two Monarchs have,
Him, and the Sun his tributary Slave.

Matth. Those things lye safe in Promises Divine,
As the rich Gold lies ripening in the Mine.
And like the *Babylonian* Pensile Bowers,
They are born aloft on never yielding Towers :
Towers of firm truth which may our Faith delight,
Tho the fair Gardens are above our sight.
Then whatsoe're these things portend, we know,
Though Famine, Plague, and Wars may lay us low,

The world may sink, but not one Stone of these,
 'Till faithful Heav'n performs his Promises.
 But come——No sleep to night shall close my Eyes,
 Go summon all the Sanhedrim to rise.
 We'll find what fit Constructions there can be
 Of this strange sight, and stranger Prophecie.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Palace.**Enter Phraartes and Monobazus.*

Monob. Things of more wonder never fill'd my Eye.

Phraar. Nor ever mine a prettier Novelty.

Monob. Novelty!

Phraar. Why? must I astonish prove,
 To see by Moon-light a few Shadows move?

Mon. No, Sir: but these no common Shadows are.

Phra. And that's the only cause you think them rare.
 Were Thunder, Lightning, an Eclipse o'th' Sun,
 And all the feats by light and shadow done,
 But once or twice in several Ages shewn,
 Mankind would all of 'em for wonders own.
 Think Gods appear'd, and fall upon the knee,
 Each time, perhaps, they did a Rain-bow see.

Mon. Nature frames those, these Nature's works surpass.

Phra. Why more than Shadows in a Looking-glass?
 At first no doubt, they did Mankind amaze.

Where Beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain,
 For all the thousands at thy Altars slain.
 And this once blessed House, where Angels came
 To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,
 Like a swift Vision or a flash of light,
 All writ in Fire, shall vanish in thy sight;
 And thrown aside amongst the common store,
 Sink down in Times Abyis, and rise no more.

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 The Starry Heav'n shall not so long remain.
 Its Basis cannot so much strength afford,
 That stands on Nature, this on Nature's Lord.

Nay,

Dislodge the transmigrated Souls of men?
Which stript of the warm flesh they love to wear,
Get for the present some thin Rags of air?
Or rather, spight of all our wisdom knows,
These may be real men, we shapes suppose?
For all these spacious Regions of the Skye,
Can never waste like *Lybian* Desarts lye?
Nature frames nothing for a vain intent,
And no doubt Peoples every Element.
The Sea has Mermaids, and the purer Air
May Nymphs of a more fine complexion bear;
And these were jolly Youths, who in our sight
Might celebrate some Festival to night:
For round the airy Plains their Chariots drove,
As if they kept *Olympian* Games above.

Mon. All this is raillery; for if a throng
Of wandring Tribes had there been planted long,
The busie people of our Globe below
Had sound, perhaps had conquer'd 'em e're now.
No, they are Bubbles and have no abode,
And only speak the greatness of that God
Who guards this State, and do so strange appear,
I would my own weak little God casheer,
And this more mighty *Jewish* one adore,
But when I once have offered to a Power,
To him, as to my King, I loyal prove,
Or to the Friend or Mistress that I love.

For us the world was made, for us it stands.

Mat. Yes, on these Columns the whole Arch is bent,
This Golden Roof supports the Firmament.
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But dances to the sound of *Saron's* Bells.
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 Each time, perhaps, they did a Rain-bow see.

Mon. Nature frames those, these Nature's works surpass.

Phra. Why more than Shadows in a Looking-glass?
 At first, no doubt, they did Mankind surprise,
 And they were judg'd stupendious Prodigies.
 There are strange Births peculiar to each Clime,
 Monsters are bred out of *Egyptian* slime.
 These may be Natives of the *Jewish* air,
 Bred of the Fumes of Sacrifice and Prayer.

Mon. Yes, did they slaughter men, we might presume
 Their Souls might for revenge those shapes assume:
 But the poor Beast does perish in the flame,
 And has no Soul to play an after-game.

Phra. But may not Atoms meet which Flames disperse?
 Revelling Atoms made the Universe.
 Or may not num'rous Heaps of Victims slain,

Dislodge

Part I. of JERUSALEM.

29

Dislodge the transmigrated Souls of men?
Which stript of the warm flesh they love to wear,
Get for the present some thin Rags of air?
Or rather, spight of all our wisdom knows,
These may be real men, we shapes suppose?
For all these spacious Regions of the Skye,
Can never waste like *Lybian* Desarts lye?
Nature frames nothing for a vain intent,
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And only speak the greatness of that God
Who guards this State, and do so strange appear,
I would my own weak little God casheer,
And this more mighty *Jewish* one adore,
But when I once have offered to a Power,
To him, as to my King, I loyal prove,
Or to the Friend or Mistress that I love.

Phra. And I to these so little credit give,
I scorn a God that by his Tricks must live.
I from all Shadows set my Vassals free,
And plainly bid 'em fear no Power but me.
But ha! kind fortune to my arms does flye,
Th' accesses to the Gardens open lye,
Where oft *Clarona* on the Gods bestows
The Hours design'd by Nature for repose.
Some happiness is near, my heart forebodes,
I'll in and chace away my Rival Gods.

Mon. Oh! that my Rivals were as weak as they;
The great the brave *Vespasian* bars my way.

[Exit.]

Glory.

Glory and Empire are to Female blood
More tempting dang'rous Rivals than a God.

[Exit,

[The Scene changes to a Garden, Clarona asleep.

Enter Phraartes.

Phra. Oh! whither Love hast thou thy wand'rer led?
My feet profane the ground on which they tread.
All the abstracted sweets in Nature found,
Lye here together in a slumber bound.
No Mortal can resist the charming bliss;
This hand does ravish from my lips a Kiss.

[Clarona wakes.

Clar. Save me, good Spirits! what Shade is that so nigh?

[Starts at the sight of Phraartes.

Phra. No Ghost, or Shadow, but substantial I.

Clar. The King!

Phra. Your Slave; may I your pardon gain,
That I your sacred privacy profane?
Wandering in solitude the Gardens round,
I all access hither open found.
Coming to sigh away the hours of night
Under your window; ---by the Moon's pale light,
Who o're your Face her Silver Garment spread,
I found you slumbring on this Rosie Bed.
It was impossible from hence to go,
With wonder fixt to Earth, I here might grow,
My Root wou'd wantonly beneath you creep,
To suck the sweets of earth on which you sleep.
This I might do, shou'd I here longer stay,
Yet then as easily be torn away.

Clar. On the Night's wonders gazing all alone,
Weary and pensive here I sate me down,
And to a gentle sleep resign'd my sense,
Not fearing this my Servants negligence.

Phra. My Stars contriv'd it thus to crown my love,
And I their noble kindness will improve.
Now is the Golden Minute come at last,
The rich Extraction of a thousand past,
Which like the patient Chymist I have spent
In toil, and many a vain Experiment.
And (oh! my Stars!) if now I let it go,
Never this blessing on me more bestow.

Clar.

Clar. What does the King by this discourse design?

Phra. Oh! Youth and Love will help you to divine.

What meaning did young *Troilus* display,
When to the *Grecian* Tents where *Cresseid* lay,
From *Troy* in such kind conspiring Night
And Hour as this, he stole to his delight?
What meant *Leander*, when at such an Hour
He labour'd through the Waves to *Hero's* Tower,
Whilst on the shore to ravish him she stood,
From the Embraces of the faithless flood?

Clar. Are you the King?

Phra. Exalted by such blifs,
I am God, and you my Paradise.
Where e're I wander pleasures crowd my way,
And I with every one a life cou'd stay.
Oh! I cou'd dwell an Age upon this Hand;
But shou'd I to those Cheeks or Lips ascend,
Such numerous delights my senses court,
To gather all, Eternity's too short.

Clar. What has this change in King *Phraartes* made?
Will he my Ears with such discourse invade?
He who approacht me with so great an awe,
Priests with less reverence near Altars draw;
That any thing was sacred did deny,
On Earth, in Nature, or in Heaven, but I?
What have I done that has my Honour stain'd,
And made me now deserve to be profan'd?

Phra. Can any Temples be profan'd by Prayer,
Or Altars by the Victims which they bear?

Clar. By Victims sinful and impure they may:
And only such you at my Altars lay.

Phra. You wrong my innocent and spotless love.

Clar. Convince me of it, and from hence remove
Him who my ruine did attempt to night,
I mean your self, for ever from my sight.

Phra. From their Foundations bid me Mountains tear,
Or hale a fixed Star out of his Sphere,
Remove the world, as soon I could obey,
As take my self from hence, whilst here you stay.

This is my Heav'n, which I with toil attain,
 And shall I now leap down to Earth again?
 My arms for safety I around you spread,
 Throw me from this high happiness I'm dead.

Clar. You on a Precipice wou'd safely dwell,
 But you wou'd strive to throw me down to Hell.
 You for my ruine are by Hell design'd,
 And choien for it out of all Mankind.
 As having all their excellence and more,
 By whom he thousands had subdu'd before:
 The Serpent in your Figure (I believe)
 Stole into Paradise and ruin'd Eve:
 With such a pleasing Tongue he spoke his suit,
 And with such Hands bestow'd the fatal Fruit.
 That to put all his Troops at once to flight,
 I must for ever banish you my sight.

Phra. Hell and his Troops into destruction go,
 My love of their designs does nothing know:
 My love's intentions generous have been;
 But if for you to love again be sin,
 Be sav'd, pursue the Joys you call divine;
 Attain your Heav'n, though I despair of mine.
 But pray let me be sav'd a little too,
 The Heav'n I cannot compass, let me view.

Clar. No, Sir, in pity I deny your Prayer,
 Why shou'd I keep you in a scorching air,
 When I no ease or pleasure can bestow?
 If to a cooler Clime you will not go,
 The Sun whose heat does your Diseases breed,
 Tan your fair Vertués, and your Torments feed,
 Thus, Sir, I will for ever cloud from you;
 This I am bound in Charity to do.

Phra. Spare your compassion, and unvail'd remain,
 I am your Enemy and beg for pain.
 Let not so great a Sinner torment want.

Clar. Beg nothing of me, for I'll nothing grant.

Phra. What not to see you! are those Beauties made
 To pine and wither in a barren shade?

Clar. Ask me no more, I will no more reply.—

Phra. And will you then one parting view deny? —
Sun rise no more, for ever quench thy light,
For now the world has nothing worth our fight.

[*Ex.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter John, Eleazar, Pharisees, &c.

Eleaz. **H**OW, for these several hours in Council fate?
John. Close in a Tower with Guards at every Gate:
All their Designs they hide; but it is said,
Some tender Lambs must be to slaughter laid.

1 Phar. With blood of Saints he stains the holy Chair,
He is a Tyrant and Idolater.

John. I fear through frailty he too much inclines,
And am in doubt some impious thing designs;
Nay am assur'd — Nay, since it must be known,
The horrid Villany's already done! —

Vespasian is our Sovereign Lord declar'd,
And Crowns of Gold are for his head prepar'd.
Nay, at an hour when all in sleep lay drown'd,
A Guard in secret brought an Image Crown'd:
His head a guilded wreath of Laurel wore,
His face *Vespasian's* proud resemblance bore.

'Tis in the Palace hid, but they design
At his approach it shall in publick shine;
Stand in the Temple, and our Laws defie,
And all that will not bow to it shall dye.

Eleaz. Oh horrid! horrid! well, oh stormy Air!
For Divine Vengeance may'ft thou Troops prepare.

2. Phar. It is a Plot I plainly understand,
To murder all the Zealous of the Land.

John. Heav'n knows with grief I stain his Mitred Hairs:
Who lays me near him as the Robes he wears.
But in my Soul it did impatience breed,
To think the Sheep should by the Shepherd bleed;

To see the Temple by the Priest defil'd:
 Nay more, to see the Father kill the Child.
 And if my self unfaithful I proclaim,
 In saving it, I'll glory in my shame.

Eleaz. Appeale your Soul, if this can Treason be,
 'Tis holy falshood, pious treachery.

John. But yet all falshood has the face of ill.

1. *Phar.* In a good Cause 'tis but Religious Skill.

John. Nay to preserve the Choice Ones of the Land,
 I'd be the Earth on which their Tower should stand:
 For though our Lights by various Names we call,
 Like Jewels still there's Beauty in us all.
 And though like Brethren 'mongst our selves we fight,
 'Gainst Foster-Fathers we can all unite.

Eleaz. No more! we'll have his blood, the Tyrant dyes,
 The Priest shall be the Morning Sacrifice.

2. *Phar.* He does the Priestly Diadem defile,
 And we'll revenge the consecrated Oyl.

John. Nay, since your Zeal's inflam'd, I'll lead you on,
 And with my aid my former guilt atone;
 For friendship's sake I did the Cause betray,
 But now I will the heavenly Call obey.
 A Brazen Image stands before my eyes;
 Revenge! revenge! a Voice within me cries,
 Kill, kill these curst Apostates, who design
 To set Hell's Standard 'midst the Camp Divine.
 Spare not a man who in his List is found,
 Who spares a Traytor does Religion wound.

Eleaz. I'm thirsty for their blood.

1. *Phar.* And I.

2. *Phar.* And I.

3. *Phar.* To eat their flesh were holy gluttony.

John. It were! and Heaven no doubt would bless the Meal,
 Such unclean Beasts we might devour with zeal.
 But their foul flesh shall not be so prefer'd;
 In Crows and Paunches it shall be interr'd.
 They have no right to any other Tomb,
 Nor shall defile *Jerusalem's* sacred Womb.

Eleaz. Their Souls renounce the Gardens of the just,
 Nor shall their Bodies here pollute their dust.

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1. *Phar.* But when shall we attempt this blessed deed!
How many Swords! what Forces do we need?

2. *Phar.* For they are strong, and keep an hourly guard,
And our poor *Idumean* Friends, debarr'd
From aiding us, under their Bucklers lye,
Besieg'd by all the fury of the Skye.

John. Ask you for aid when you Heav'n's service do?
We are too strong, th' Idolaters too few,
We have our Cause, our Innocence, and Prayer,
Nay, we have Armies mustering in the Air!
And are to Arms invited from above,
The Winds are join'd to represent our Love.
Troops rendezvous'd in Clouds to shew from whence,
In our distress, we may expect defence.
A fire shone round the Temple to declare,
Pure Reformation is enkindled there.
The Brazen Gates untouch'd were seen to move,
To let us know the Gates of Divine Love
Were opening to us, if we'll enter in.
And now *Jerusalem's* glory does begin.

Eleaz. Oh! blessed hour! and yet more blessed we,
Who in this work the Instruments shall be.

1. *Phar.* We are too few the sweet rewards to share.

2. *Phar.* They will be more than humane strength can bear.

Eleaz. Nay, we to farther aid have no pretence,
But yet our Friends that come for our defence,
May, of our mighty deeds, Spectators be.

John. They shall admittance have in Charity.
Not that in such a Cause their Swords we need.
A Cause that will reward each drop we bleed.
Sinners who dye in it, may at the price
Of a few Traytors heads, buy Paradise.
Has any here——
Defil'd a Sister, or a Father slain,
A Traytor's blood will wash away the stain.
And if to Sinners such Rewards accrew,
What Joys what Pleasures will be shew'd on you,
Who are all Saints?

Omn. All, all.

Eleaz. I am in pain!

My breast cannot my furious zeal contain.

John. And now, my Friends, when Providence shall deal
Rewards and Blessings to your faithful zeal ;
And you shall make division as you please,
O'th' hoorded wealth of richest Palaces ;
Oh do not cast a hot and lustful eye
Upon the Temple, if she naked lye,
And her bright Gold should on your fingers smile ;
Take heed — for that will all the rest defile.

1. *Phar.* Oh doubt us not !

John. Still barring all Constraint ;
For nothing is so sacred as a Saint.
And in our own defence we may make bold,
Serving our Master, with our Master's Gold.
But see the Spye we at the Palace plac'd,
To watch the Sanhedrim, returns in haste.

[One Enter]

Mess. O, Sirs ! to Arms ! a Voice from Heaven calls !
From foggy Clouds a sleepy Unguent falls :
And some good Angel round the Palace flies,
And with it has annointed all their Eyes ;
But to the Priests does double Portions give,
That nothing in the Palace seems to live ;
But a few pining Lamps, that burn so dim,
They seem as drousie as the Sanhedrim.

John. 'Tis plain, Heav'n aids our holy Cause, and sends
A Spirit to bind their hands, and help his Friends.

2. *Phar.* If we with speed these Traytors not destroy,
Angels will do't, and rob us of the joy.

3. *Phar.* Haste, haste, let us go fire the Palace straight.

John. No----first assist our Friends without the Gate.
Both shelter and revenge will now be good.

Eleaz. Yes----let them warm themselves with Traytors blood.

3. *Phar.* But will not the strong Gate despise our pains ?
'Tis clad in Iron, and girded round with Chains ?

John. Fear not, I can the sacred Tools produce,
Kept in the Tower for the Temple's use.
And they can force it open in a trice,
With as much ease as Prayer does Paradise.

Eleaz. Haste, haste, the Cocks have thrice alarm'd the dawn,
And Night's black Chariot, as by Whirle-winds drawn,

Drives

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Drives on to its last Stage in solemn state,
Whilst raging Storms on her Retinue wait.
Now whilst the Tempest rocks the drowsie Town,
Oh! let the heavenly work with speed be done.

2. *Phar.* Now is the time, their Souls, like Flocks of Sheep,
Are kept for Sacrifice in Folds of sleep.

1. *Phar.* The talking Ecchoes can convey no noise,
The busie Tempest all the air employs.

[Enter one with Iron Bars and Tools.

John. See! see! the blessed Instruments are come!
Now Sinners hastens your eternal doom.
Hell will be crowded with the numerous flight
Of unclean Birds we shall unpearch to night.
To Arms!

All. To Arms, to Arms!

John. But first let's swear,
That each shall equally the danger share.
By Jerusalem.

[All lift up their hands.

All. By Jerusalem.

John. By the Temple.

All. By the Temple.

John. By the Altar.

All. By the Altar.

John. By the most binding Oath which we can swear,
By Corban, the Divine Oblation there.

All. By Corban.

John. Now let each draw his consecrated Sword,
Corban's the Oath, and Liberty the Word.
So if I now succeed in this design,
One more Religious Lye, the Mitre's mine.

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

[A noise of breaking Locks and forcing Gates.

{ The Scene is drawn, and Matthias, Sagan, Phineas, and the
whole Sanhedrim are represented sitting asleep, Lamps burn-
ing, and the Guards asleep at the Gate.

The Ghost of Herod arises.

Ghost. Cries, shrieks, and groans from a lamenting Crowd,
Th' air fill'd with wandering Souls, the Streets with blood!
In Seas of Fire the falling Buildings drown'd;

In

In Chains of sleep the Priests for slaughter bound,
 Fit pleasure for a Tyrant's Ghost, like me : ----
 Worthy my Pilgrimage from Hell to see.
 Sleep on, you damn'd Tormentors of Mankind,
 That humane Souls in airy Fetters bind,
 And all their little pleasures dearly sell,
 And will not let 'em go in peace to Hell.
 And thou, proud Town, who stil'st thy self Divine,
 Queen of the world, Heav'n's earthly Concubine,
 Who all his favour to thy self hast gain'd,
 Art at th' expence of Miracles maintain'd,
 And fill'st the gazing world with pannick fears, ----
 Tremble ---- for see within thy Walls appears,
 The brightest Vision of this threatening Night,
 The Ghost of *Herod* the great *Edomite* :
 Greatest of all abandon'd *Eſau's* Line,
 Who in thy Throne once Royally did shine,
 Ravish thy Beauty and thy Lord disgrace,
 And took his Miſtreſs to my own embrace ;
 And not contented to defile his Bed,
 His Altars rob'd, and on his Victims fed ;
 Revell'd in blood, and did his power deſpiſe,
 And in contempt of all his Propheſies,
 Plac'd *Eſau's* Chains of ſlavery on Thee,
 And ſoundly ſcourg'd old *Jacob's* Treachery :
 Then with mock penitence for all my guilt,
 To my own glory I thy Temple built :
 Now all the Ills in life I could not do,
 I a malicious tortur'd Ghost purſue.
 Lash me, ye Furies, blow th' infernal fire ! ----
 Fill me with rage, that I may now inſpire
 My Nation with the Spirit on't refin'd,
 And pour it ſcalding into every mind.
 And (you gull'd Priests) invoke no more Heav'n's aid,
 He has you all into my power betray'd ;
 And Ile go whet the *Idumean* Swords,
 And nobly banquet the infernal Birds.
 They flock about, and heaps of Carrion ſmell,
 Ile make to night a Jubilee in Hell.

[Exit.

The

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{ *The Ghost goes out, and noise of clashing of Swords shrieking
and knocking at the Gate is heard, at which they all awake.*

Matth. In what dark Cave has all our Souls been bound?

Phin. Or in what drousie Labyrinth wandring round?

Sag. Rather to what infernal Dungeon lead,
Guarded with Fiends, and haunted with the Dead ;
For I have been with droves of Souls pursu'd,
Chac'd hot, and reeking from warm Flesh and Blood.

Phin. I nothing dream'd but was securely laid,
As void of sense as e're my Soul was made ;
Yet as my dawning Soul began to rise,
Methoughts I knocking heard, and distant cries :
And from the Ground a sulph'rous Vapour broke,
That form'd it self into a shape, and spoke.

Matth. A Guard of Spirits walk'd to night the round,
And all our Souls in sleepy-fetters bound,
Benum'd with fatal slumbers by degrees,
We seem'd like an old Grove of Sapple's-Trees,
Whose Vegetative Souls in Winter creep
To their warm Roots, and there securely sleep. [A noise within.
But hark ! a Martial noise begins to rise!

Phin. Loud knockings at the Gate.

{ *They all as amaz'd look out
several ways, and return.*

Sag. And horrid cries !

Arm ! Arm ! The Court's beset ; a furious Tide
Of fighting Crowds beat up on every side.

Phin. The Streets with glittering Spears are planted round,
And Bloody Rivers water all the ground.

Math. And see where Esau's Son's proud Banners fly,
And from the Temple Walls the Town defie.

Sag. We are betray'd, and the Angelick Pow'rs
Forlook their guard to night about these Towers.
What shall be done in a distress so great ?

Phin. What else, but fly with speed to some retreat ?

Matth. How ? shall I fear of these vile Rebels shew ?
Rather to meet their impious rage I'll go.

Sag. Alas ! they seek your Life, nor can y' oblige
Men, whose Devotion lies in Sacrilege.

Matth. Heav'ns Will be done ! But better I were slain,
Than I my self my Diadem prophane ;

Whose

Whose Glory should I stain with sordid fears,
My Sacrilege wou'd be as great as theirs.

Phin. I see no cause why we should vainly fight,
To guard those Sacred things Heav'n seems to flight.

Math. If Heav'n's pleas'd t' abandon their defence,
I'll guard them in the room of Providence.

{ John, Eleazar, and their party now break into the Room with
drawn Swords, and chase Matthias, &c. off the Stage, who re-
treat fighting as into some other Rooms of the Palace, and shut
the door to hinder John's pursuit.

Matth. My Guards!

[Exit Matth. Sag. Phin. &c.]

Omnes. Pursue.

Job. So quick retreat have found.

Eleaz. Fire this accursed Building to the ground:
This filthy Nest that does all lewdness hide,
Ambition, Avarice, hot Lust, and Pride,
The Earth no longer shall this burden bear.

Job. And greater Lewdnesses are harbour'd here;
Vespasian's Image, and his Goddess both,
Queen *Berenice*, that *Romish-Asteroth*.
That fair Abomination, to whose eyes
The Tyrant offers Daily-sacrifice.

Eleaz. Burn 'em together, let their dust repair
To play and dally in the wanton Air.

1. *Phar.* Fire it; our time let us no longer lose.

2. *Phar.* And see, his traytrous head the Tyrant shews. { *Matth. Sag.*

Matth. You, Impious Rebels all, which here I see, { *Phi. appear in*
Sons of Confusion, Blood and Cruelty; { *the Balcony.*

Born for our Nations and Religion's shame,
That would extirpate your own Tribe and Name,
Have wrought such ills, that even the Rising Sun
Startles to see the villanies y' have done:

What Cruel Devil does your hearts inspire
To all these ills? what is it you desire?

Eleaz. Traytor! Our Countreys Freedom and thy Blood.

1. *Phar.* And *Cæsar's* Image here, thy Molten-god.

Matth. What Molten-god? — what Image?

Phin. This is plain,

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The cursed Image of some lying Brain.

Eleaz. This pious Man can all your doubts remove,
And, Tyrant, to thy face thy Treasons prove.

Matth. Villain, more false than Hell;— Dost thou at last
Add this bold Lye to all thy Treasons past?

[To John.

John. Oh, dares this man thus confidently plead?
Merciful Heav'n that will not strike him dead?

Eleaz. Boldly reply.

[To John.

John. Now impudence thy aid.

[Aside.

And are you not (bad man!) of Heav'n afraid?
Do you not every hour expect at least
Heav'n with your Tribe the hungry Earth shou'd feast?
Its qualmish stomach with cold meat is cloy'd,
Not one warm Meal since *Corah's* time enjoy'd.
But now a Dish is dress'd, and I should fear,
But for these holy men, to stand so near.
Into my Soul what great Disorders creep!
Zeal makes me rage, and Pity makes me weep.
An aged man, a Priest, and once my Friend;
But in Truth's Cause all these distinctions end.

Matth. And dar'st thou with so little fear or shame
Thy Predecessor Rebel *Corah* name?

And not expect his fate should be thy own,
Whose Treasons are so much by thine out-done.
Oh, hungry Earth! to thy repast with speed!
But spare your tears, and to your proofs proceed.

John. Then did not I in several persons fight,
In the first Month, on the third Watch of night?
But was it I? that I should e're descend
To so much frailty to oblige a Friend?
To my own goodness I am made a Prey;
I am too meek, too ready to obey!
But did not I, to all the Guards unknown,
Conveigh by night an Image into Town?
And when I wept, and did the thing oppose,
You smil'd, and said, let us delude our Foes,
And play with that *Leviathan* a while,
We by these Arts shall all his Pow'r beguile.
But shall not we deceive our selves, said I?
No strength or wisdom like integrity!-----

G

Then

Then weeping, you reply'd, Alas ! 'tis true :
 But yet the Foe is strong ; what shall we do ?
 Good Heav'n I hope will no advantage take,
 If we should sin a little for his sake,
 Then as I trembling stood, and wept and pray'd,
 You are too tender, humble *John*, you said.
 But ah said I again ! —

Matth. No more, no more ! —
 In pity to thy injur'd Soul give o're ; —
 Thy shameless Lyes has Manhood so defam'd,
 Of humane Nature I am almost asham'd ;
 And did not some the port of it maintain,
 We might conceive Mankind were made in vain.
 Nay even admire why Heaven such pains shou'd take,
 Mischievous Tools of dirty Clay to make.
 But to thy impudent unmanly Lye,
 My Guards and Javelins shall with speed reply.

{ *Matthias, &c. go out of the Balcony, and John, &c. break open
 the door, after which a noise of fighting is heard ; then
 Enter Phraartes and Monobazus as disturb'd with the noise,
 and newly waked.*

Phra. What fierce and horrid sounds thus early fill
 My deafned Ears ? or am I dreaming still ?
 For snatch'd by sleep into an Ambuscade,
 I've all this night with Charms and Visions plaid.

Monob. And mighty Weights my Soul a Pris'ner kept,
 As if beneath some Mountain I had slept.

Phra. This is some Magick place, where Spirits flye,
 Where every night the Trees all blasted dye ;
 And men like Watches are in pieces tane,
 And set together in the morn again.
 Well might the almost immortal Natives here
 Preserve their vigour to the thousandth year ;
 Since every night their Bodies were not worn,
 But gently lapt and folded up till morn.
 But what bold Spirits durst so sawcy be,
 To try these damn'd Experiments on me ?
 But hark ! a Noise within, like clash of Arms !

Monob.

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Monob. Palace and City fill'd with strange Alarms.

[*Monobazus looks within.*

What Vision's that presented to my Eyes,
The Court with bleeding Bodies cover'd lyes!
The brave High-Priest amidst a Guard does stand,
Offering Victims up with his own hand
To this fair Palace's offended Gods,
By impious Slaves disturb'd in their abodes.

Phra. They are some warlike shapes in Masquerade.

Monob. Now toward the Temple they retreat have made.

Phra. Fortune my Sword's fair Concubine does prove
As false to me as *Juno* does to *Jove*!

Entice with sleepy Charms my sense away,
Whilst she with others does the Strumpet play.
So *Jove* on *Ida* charm'd, the *Trojan's* fled,
But when the God rose from his flowry bed,
And look'd abroad out of his Golden Tent,
The *Greeks* their saucy Valour did repent:
The wanton Sorcerers, now I am awake,
Shall to my injur'd Sword again give back
The stoln favours she to every Slave,
During the Minutes of my slumb'ring gave.

[*Exit.*

Monob. Yes, Fortune shall repent her Clownish pride,
In scorn of Princes thus with Slaves to side.

[*Exit.*

{ *They go off, and after a little fighting without, Enter in their
Night-Gowns, as in a fright, Queen Berenice, Clarona,
Semandra, and Phedra.*

Q. Beren. Must I be murder'd then without delay?
And do the Slaves my kindness thus repay?
Did I, like some good Angel from above,
Come from the Heav'n of Glory and of Love,
To help these Wretches in their deep despair,
And do the envious Fiends such malice bear?
They rather trebly will augment their pain,
Than I shall see my Paradise again.

Clar. My Father to his Foes by Heav'n resign'd;
This to contending Nature seems unkind:
But I'll not dare to pass too harsh a sense

On any ways of Divine Providence,
 So many Crowns our Sufferings here attend,
 None for such interest wou'd refuse to lend.
 But See ! the *Sagan* and Prince *Phineas* here !
 But oh, distractions in their looks appear.

*Enter discoursing, and in great haste, as escap'd from the
 Fight, Sagan and Phineas.*

Sag. Ah, Madam ! all is lost ! the sacred man,
 By Heav'n deserted, is a Pris'ner tane.
 Inspir'd with a devout and glorious pride
 To guard that Heav'n, who him its aid deny'd.
 A brave retreat he to the Temple made,
 To conquer there, or perish in its aid.
 A living Rampire for a while he stood,
 And moted round the sacred place with blood :
 The Temple trembl'd, and the Lamps burnt dim,
 Shook with the dangers that assaulted him ;
 Whilst unconcern'd he on his Guard did wait,
 More fixt and stedfast than the Brazen Gate ;
 Enduring thus a hot and furious Siege,
 And even sham'd the Heav'n he did oblige :
 But e're the King, who like a whirlwind flew,
 Tearing down Groves of the seditious Crue,
 Through thick and stubborn Crowds cou'd make his way,
 The Rebels had secur'd the Noble Prey.

Clar. A fall like to his life renown'd and great,
 And does the story of his Fame compleat.

Q. Beren. Then we are lost, this cursed hour will prove
 The fatal period of my life and love.

Clar. What I divin'd ! now all my hopes are gone,
 And my great Father's glorious race is run.
 How fares the King ?

Phin. A Sea of armed Foes
 That Monarch like a flaming Isle inclose.

Sag. Waste no more pretious time complaining here,
 But to our Friends our quick assistance bear.

[*Ex. Phin. Sag.*

Q. Beren. And am I thrown into the Rebels power,
 And must I never see *Vespasian* more ?
 It cannot be decreed ! I rave, I rave !
 Nature no warning at our parting gave !

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The Air wou'd fure have sigh'd, the Caves have moan'd,
The Clouds have wept, the hollow Mountains groan'd ;
All Friends of love wou'd have exprest their fear
Of two so kind, so constant, and so dear :
Nature wou'd then have had convulsive pains,
And blood have startled out from both our Veins.

Clar. Alas! too little care you did exprest
Of so much love, and so much happiness.
Why wou'd you thrust your self into a Den
Of Beasts, who only have the shapes of Men ?

Q. Beren. I came not here to offer you a Peace,
The *Roman* power and glory to increase ;
To adde to Empire was not my design,
Though I may hope one day it will be mine ;
All my ambitions do no higher rise,
Than at a Smile from my *Vespasian's* Eyes :
But 'twas from him all danger to remove,
Danger, the mighty Rival to my love :
Danger, that does enjoy him more than I,
To whom from me he every hour does flye ;
Leaps to her arms, and I'm afraid one day
The *Harpy* will devour the glorious Prey.

Clar. Heaven's special Providence will watch to save,
For universal good, a man so brave.

Q. Beren. You are a Stranger to a Lover's fears,
They dangers spye whose shadow scarce appears.
In Camp how do I pass the day in frights,
In horrid dreams and broken sleep the nights ?
With my own cries my self I often wake,
And waking, joy to find out my mistake :
Then in a sound and pleasing sleep I fall ;
But in the morning for my Lord I call :
How does my Lord, to every one I cry,
If any look with a dejected eye,
But sad or pale, for no reply I stay,
Conclude my Lord is slain, and faint away.

Clar. If such vain terrours so much torment breed,
What wou'd you do, if he were hurt indeed ?

Q. Beren. What do the wounded and the dying do?
Love joins in one, what are in Nature two:

The breasts of Lovers but one Soul contain,
 Which equally imparts delight or pain.
 Once he on danger did too strongly press ;
 (For he has all great Vertues in excess ;
 In gallant things endures no mean degree,
 But loves and fights still in extremity)
 When, oh ! he wounded did return from fight,
 You may conceive th' effect of such a fight.
 My sorrows violence no tongue can tell,
 Thrice in my Womens arms all cold I fell ;
 And only was to wretched life again
 Tormented, by the throbbing of his pain.
 Hourly I watch'd by him both night and day,
 And never mov'd, but when I swoon'd away.
 My eye for ever fixt on him I kept,
 Nor lost the sight of him, but when I wept :
 In all his pains I groan'd, his Fevers burn'd,
 Nor found I health or ease till his return'd.

Clar. Are these the sympathies that kindness prove ?
 I fear then I have the disease of love.

At the brave King the Darts and Javelins flye,
 But it is I am hurt, and I that dye.

Q. Beren. And has Victorious Love, so long suppress'd,
 Obtain'd at length Dominion in your breast ?

Clar. If Pity can be Love, then I confess
 I love that valiant Monarch to excess.

Q. Beren. Under Compassion you wou'd Love disguise,
 There is no hiding Love from Lovers Eyes.

Clar. Perhaps I love, I scarce the difference know,
 But Pity's all that I shall ever show.

Q. Beren. Your Father's Fate requires so great a share
 Of grief and pity, you have none to spare.

Clar. I rather triumph in my Father's Fate,
 Since Heavenly Glories on his Sufferings wait :
 But the poor King has no one to repay
 The Royal life for me he throws away.

Q. Beren. Oh ! did he know you lov'd, he could not dye,
 No more than those who enter heavenly joy.

Clar. Know it he may, enjoy it never can ;
 'Twixt my embraces and that glorious man,

Religious Vows have wider distance made,
Than if there were whole worlds betwixt us laid.

Q. Beren. Were worlds betwixt you, bigger all than this,
Love o're 'em all would mount, to flye to blifs.
Millions of Leagues that Hawk his aiery spies,
And wheresoe're you perch him, home he flies.

Clar. He must not flye within Religion's Grounds.

Q. Beren. Nor ought Religion to invade his Bounds.
Come, to some Tower let's our selves betake,
Where each of us a brave defence will make,
Leis for her own, than for her Lover's sake.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Temple.

*After a Noise of fighting, Enter John, Eleazar, and the
Pharisees, leading Matthias bound.*

Eleaz. **K**ill, Kill the Priest! to save whose cursed head
The blood of Saints is so profusely shed!

1. Phar. Make the bold Heathen King his rage repent,
Fix the Priests head upon the Battlement.

John. Yes, Sir, you dye — You have a Tyrant bin.

Eleaz. Bane of Religion —

2. Phar. A support of sin!

John. Greedy of wealth.

Eleaz. Ambitious and profane!

3. Phar. Enslaving us that you alone might raign.

1. Phar. Despising all that our Traditions own.

John. Hater of Zeal, because your self had none.

Eleaz. Patron of all that to your side you gain,
Profelyte, Gentile, or *Samaritan*.

2. Phar. And that, for which you most deserve to dye,
An open favourer of Idolatry.

3. Phar. Yes, Sir, for power you would to *Rome* have sold
Our Temple, Altars, and our sacred Gold;
And plac'd their Idols here, provided you

Might

Might have been made a mighty Idol too.

John. Rome was the Idol which you worship'd here,
Your Dagon, Ashtaroth, and Baal-Peor.

Eleaz. You are her Priest, she plac'd you in the Chair.

1. *Phar.* These are her Robes and Ornaments you wear.

2. *Phar.* And to your mighty *Moloch's* bloody Shrine,
You did our lives in Sacrifice design.

Matth. Amazing Impudence!

John. Come, do not flye

To such vain trifles, but prepare to dye:

They will not here so easily believe;

Let not vain hopes of life your Soul deceive;

For though I to your Crimes expresse some hate,

I have a Jewish Charity for that.

Matth. Oh Heavens! —

John. What still in this disorder keep!

Alas! the doleful Object makes me weep!

An aged man! — nay more a reverend Priest!

At his last hour in falshood thus persist.

Eleaz. Tears for such sinners ought not to be spilt.

3. *Phar.* His Age and Office aggravates his guilt.

1. *Phar.* A Priest sell Heav'n a little power to gain?

Eleaz. A Priest so proud?

John. An aged man so vain?

Matth. Oh! Divine goodness lend my spirit power,
To rule it self in this tempestuous hour.

Eleaz. Come, bind his Eyes.

Matth. What, in the Temple too?

To Heav'n it self is there no reverence due?

2. *Phar.* You talk of Heaven!

Eleaz. You Sacriledge reprove,
When if not hinder'd by the Power above,
A Tyrant's Image had defil'd this place?

John. So much dissembling in that aged face!

3. *Phar.* Mock Heav'n the instant you expect to dye!

John. Do you the Being of that Power deny?

Methinks if Conscience no respect can gain;

Shame before me a little should restrain.

Do not I know? — Oh, that I ne're had known;

It costs me many a most bitter groan.

Part I. of JERUSALEM.

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Eleaz. Grieve not your self, your Cause needs no defence.

John. Oh! Divine Gift! of useful impudence.

[*Aside.*

Matth. Oh! glorious Being! for thy Honour's sake,
Some swift revenge on these Apostates take.

Eleaz. Come to the work—— Let us no longer wait:
But see! the Gentile King has forc'd the Gate.

Omnes. We are betray'd!

{ *Phraartes, Guard, enter and pursue the Rebels, who re-*
tire and shut the door after them.

Phra. What horrid sight is this?
To what curst Demon is this Sacrifice?

{ *Sees Matthias bound*
ready to dye.

Pursue, pursue the Dogs——

Phin. This cursed Tower
Secures the bloody Rebels from our power.

Phra. Fire it, let Flames the savage Villains chase.

Phin. It lodges, Sir, too near this sacred place.

Phra. The sacred place! there can be no such thing;
The world has nothing sacred but a King.
I am prophan'd, and I revenge will have.

Matth. O Truth! why dwell'st thou not in Souls so brave?
Calm, Sir, your Royal Soul! your just desire
Heav'n will pursue, with swifter wings than fire.

Their crying sins that sleepy Vengeance wake,
Which mounted, soon their Troops shall overtake:
But oh what Crowns in Heav'n are forming now,
By Angels hands, for our Preserver's brow?

Phra. Oh! my good Father! there was once an hour,
When you had greater Treasure in your power:
Now you may turn me off to Heav'n for pay,
For all this Treasure you have given away.

Matth. When I enjoy'd this Wealth I do not know,
Nor yet to whom I did this bounty show?

Phra. Nay it is that that makes my grief extreme,
You have bestow'd it on a Cloud, a Dream.

An empty Shadow does my hopes destroy:

Were he a Mortal did the Gift enjoy,

With Kingdoms I would hire him to resign,

Or spite of him my Sword should make it mine.

But like *Cambyses* here I madly stand,
 To fight with winds, and conquer flying Sand:
 Roving imaginations of the mind,
 That flye around the world, and Reason blind.
 Forgive my words, forc't from me by my pain;
 'Tis of Religion (Father) I complain,
 And your fair Daughter is the Gift I mean.

Matth. Has she the subject of this wonder been?
 Is that the Prize shou'd be so dearly bought,
 A poor and humble Maid below your thought?
 She to Religion may her self bestow,
 Who has no taste of any thing below.
 And say Religion, Sir, shou'd nothing be,
 Then nothing best with nothing will agree;
 And she so little feels the joys of sense,
 She's next to nothing in indifference.
 What shou'd she do with Subjects, and a Throne,
 Who half her life is on her knees alone?
 She to a Lover will give small delight,
 Who wastes in Prayer two Watches of the night.
 Besides, she beauty wants a Throne to grace,
 And fill with pleasures such a Kings embrace.

Phra. Good Father, you are skill'd in things above,
 Leave Beauty to be judg'd by Youth and Love.

[Enter *Clarona*, *Phedra*, *women*, attended with a *Guard*.]

Clar. Are my Prayers heard, do I my Father see?
 And is he safe from Rebels Cruelty?

Matth. By this great King's protection yet I live,
 To whom next Heav'n thou must thy praises give,
 And, wou'd Religion with her title part,
 On whom thou oughtest to bestow thy heart.
 Oh! Daughter, we his kindness ill repay;
 He gives us joy, and we take his away.

Phra. Yes, Madam, I in insolence improve;
 For now in spight of your Commands I love.
 Sentence of Banishment on me you laid,
 And I some tryals of obedience made:
 But all my strife with mighty Love was vain,
 It did compel me to return again,
 And fix my self on you, my place of rest;

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You I must love, and in your love be blest.

Clar. Still do those thoughts your mighty mind pursue?

Alas! they torture me now more than you.
Before it was the *Parthian* King did crave,
But now the Prince who did my Father save.
He asks my love, to whom my life I owe;
Sir, ask me any thing I can bestow,
If then I prove to your entreaties rude,
Call me a Monster of ingratitude.

Phra. For the too cruel doom to me decreed,
I know you Nature and Religion plead;
That both have firmly against love combin'd,
Nature has made it hateful to your mind,
Religion has deform'd it into sin:
But, Madam, I am all a storm within:
My Reason cannot hear one word you say;
My raging love blows all the sound away.

Matth. Pity such stormy Passions, Sir, shou'd blow
In a brave heart, where such great Vertues grow.

Clar. With love so generous I cou'd comply,
Did not Religion and my Vows deny.

Phra. No more to me that Dream Religion name,
On more substantial Causes lay the blame:
Say I have something does your hatred move,
Or that I am not worthy of your love:
That I'm a banish'd King, and want a Crown,
And have not yet reveng'd my wrong'd Renown.
Say this, and I will satisfied remain,
'Till I my Honour right, my Empire gain,
'Till *Rome*, nay 'till the Captive world I bring
To beg you to have pity on their King.

Clar. Sir, for your love, no Beauty upon earth
But might adore the Stars that rul'd their birth.
In you, Sir, all their longings may be crown'd:
Do they love Glory, here 'tis to be found;
If Valour, never was a man so brave;
If Love, here's all that they can wish to have;
If Noble Form, here they may please their sight,
With all that is in Nature exquisite.

Phra. Say all these things, and love deny?

+glorious

Clar. I at this Price Eternal Glory buy.

Phra. Eternal Glory! — Oh! that founding word!
Did it the joy of one hour's love afford,
Or what a minute's pleasing Dream bestows,
Then you gain'd something for the joys you lose;
But do not sacrifice me to a sound,
Where no delight or meaning can be found.

Matth. Your Royal Soul has only yet perus'd
The Book of Nature, which is all confus'd:
Religion shews you more of heavenly good,
Than ever Nature taught or understood.

Clar. Or truth or falshood which so ere it be,
If I believe it, it is truth to me.

Then, Sir, forgive me if I dare not love,
I dare not to Religion faithless prove.

Suppose, Sir, I had vow'd my self to you,
Wou'd you be willing I shou'd prove untrue?

And if I break my Vows with Powers above,
Consider I may then prove false to Love.

Phra. Then give to Heav'n the Soul which you have vow'd,
But let these Beauties be on Love bestow'd.

Let me enjoy those Hands, those Lips, those Eyes,
Which only flesh and blood know how to prize,

And will not Heaven's estate at all impair,
And I will be contented with my share.

Clar. All is Religion's.

Phra. Do not tell me, all! —

Clar. It is too late my Vows, Sir, to recall.

Phra. All or not all, Heaven's right retain or give;
Love must have something that he may but live.

Clar. What, Father, can be done?

Matth. I do not know,
Fain wou'd I pay the mighty debt we owe.

Clar. Me from my birth your self to Altars vowed.

Matth. But by the Law Redemption is allowed.

Phra. Oh! blessed News! some hope is drawing nigh!
Can I her freedom with my Kingdom buy?

Matth. Much lower price will do it — keep your Crown,
Heav'n needs it not, the world is all his own.

Clar. I've vow'd my self.

Matth.

Matth. That is as I allow :

Subjects and Children have no right to vow.

When Kings or Parents their consent deny,

A Solemn League is solemn Villany.

But oh ! I gave you my consent with joy.

Matth. Oh ! do not now my infant hopes destroy !

Matth. Alas ! my Reason no more aid can lend.

Phra. How long shall I with Shadows here contend ?

[*Aside.*

I'm kept a Pris'ner in religious Rules,

And holy Laws the common Jail of Fools.

That I cou'd travel to some happy Star,

Or other worlds remov'd from this so far,

Where the great Bell Religion is not heard,

Nor men out of the use of Reason scar'd ;

Where happy Souls enjoy unbroken rests,

And have not their delights disturb'd by Priests,

Who dayly tolling of this Bell are found,

And no man lives out of the frightful sound.

Matth. I see I'm thrust on ill, deny or grant,

I must rob Heaven, or let you starve for want.

Men are all cruelty, but Heav'n will spare,

Ple trust him, and religious sufferings bear.

Take her, but know I steal from wealth divine,

And for your use the Gold of Altars coin.

Clar. Who gave my being, may of me dispose,

I yield the Gift a Fathers right bestows.

Phra. Soul summon all thy force thy joy to bear,

Whilst on this hand eternal love I swear.

Clar. Now I am wholly at the Kings Commands,

I kneel and beg most humbly at his hands,

My joy, my peace, my everlasting Crown,

All which I've humbly at his feet laid down.

Phra. What means my Queen ? what is it she wou'd have ?

Clar. What I have sworn to carry to my Grave,

And must, or perish in its just defence,

I mean my spotless Virgin innocence.

Phra. Was e're such a request to Lover made ?

Think you that such Commands can be obey'd ?

Clar. Yes, or for ever I must wretched prove.

Phra. Ask not, unless you think I do not love.

Clar.

with some to my own mind
 I have not been able to find
 the same in any other place
 as in this one

Clar. Sir, if you do, then let your love be seen.

Phra. It quickly shall—I'll make you such a Queen---

Clar. You may, the happiest that did ever Reign,
By your restoring Heaven to me again.

Phra. To night I'll give it in your Bridal Bed.

Clar. First round the world let me in Chains be led.

Phra. These are not sure your thoughts, think once again.

Clar. The resolution I'll to death retain,

Phra. Is this my Bridal Song? a sweeter sound
Should in that heavenly voice methinks be found.

Altars, to your omnipotence I bow,

From me you force what Armies cou'd not do:

What you will have, no power can retain.

Fair Saint! I give you to your Vows again.

Sleep on and dream of mighty things above,

I will not wake you any more with love.

Matth. Live, King *Phraartes*, let *Jerusalem* ring.

Clar. All chaste and holy Maids his praises sing.

All. Long live King *Phraartes*!

Phra. But must I all of you to Heaven resign?

May not this Hand, those charming Eyes be mine?

Clar. I'll grant the King, sure, any modest Prayer.

Phra. Pray give me all of you that Heaven can spare.

Clar. You shall have all the joys in friendship's store.

Phra. I'll be content, since I must have no more.

You shall remain my sacred Maiden Queen,

A glorious Treasure only to be seen.

All. Long live King *Phraartes*.

[Enter Messenger, Sagan, and Phineas.]

Mess. Ah, Sir, new terrour the whole City fills,

An Army covers all the Neighbouring Hills;

A dreadful shadow o're each Valley falls,

And Roman Eagles hover near our Walls.

Queen *Berenice*, transported with the sight,

Prepares her Chariots to be gone to night;

The raging People rouz'd with these Alarms,

In wild distractions all betake to Arms.

Phra. Friend thou dost glorious tidings to me bring,

Now there is business worthy of a King.

Matth. Arriv'd e're we are fitted for defence.

Phin.

+ The valiant stranger who was hear her guard
with leave to rest on her she does inward.

Phin. We have been wrong'd with false Intelligence.

Sag. Sure all our Scouts have been surpriz'd, or slain!

Matth. Haste, lest the Thieves by this advantage gain,
Shut all the Gates, and guard the outward Courts,
But chiefly watch the Rebels strong resorts:
Then place our Standard by the Camp Divine,
And there in Arms let all the People join.

Phin. Sure they a resolute defence will make,
Since in the Town our Nation lies at stake;
Hither our Tribes are from all places come,
Fear has drove thousands, and devotion some.
Some for the Passover that's drawing nigh,
But thousands only here for refuge flye.
These Buildings harbour, on a various score,
Two hundred Legions of our Race and more.
But on what e're intent they here prepare,
They to their wealth and lives devotion bear.

Matth. Let 'em all Arm---for though the Foe is brave,
I on no terms a Peace with *Rome* will have.
The Cause is Heaven's, and let the Power Divine
Relinquish me, if I his right resign.

Phra. Father, your Foes already have their doom;
Triumph this moment for the fall of *Rome*:
Her slaughter'd Legions feed your Beasts and Fowls,
Dung Earth with Carcases, and Hell with Souls;
The Chains of all the Captive Kings, and States
Their Power oppress, are fallen at your Gates:
Hither by Fate is all their Glory hurl'd,
Stoop and take up the Empire of the World.
For he who Being to *Clarona* gave,
Ought the World's Empire in reward to have.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The **APIOLOGUE** to the First Part.

SO, Heaven be thank'd, the Play is at an end,
 The best pretence it has to gain a friend.
 But this designs to draw another on,
 But you may damn 'em now both under one:
 Faults to deserve it every Critick sees,
 And they and we, both want no Enemies.
 First all you Wits, who for some secret Crime,
 Have taken up a pique against poor Rhime,
 And you at present are no little store;
 And next the Poets Foes, and they are more.
 Then all whom Priests and Women Saints displease,
 A small and trifling number——next to these,
 (If any such can be) the pious Jew;
 The frantique part of all our Nation too,
 Fanaticks, who'll be angry with us all,
 For ripping up their base Original;
 Shewing their Sires, the Pharisees, from whom
 They and their Cheats by long succession come:
 Whom they'r so like, the difference duly priz'd,
 Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumciz'd.
 These Plays then must have luck to be long liv'd,
 None e're for damning better were contriv'd.
 What made the Poet on Jerus'lem fall?
 A Tale of Sodom wou'd ha' pleas'd you all.
 But he at shew and great Machines might aim,
 Fine Chairs to carry Poetry when lame,
 On Ropes instead of Raptures to relye,
 When the sense creeps, to make the Actors flye.
 These Tricks upon our Stage will never hit,
 Our Company is for the old way of Wit.
 Then Actors plaid on Nature's charge alone,
 And only Poets then could be undone;
 But now they lean so heavy on the Age,
 One Blockhead Poet falling breaks a Stage.
 Then Gentlemen for Plays so much distressed,
 Naked of shew, by Enemies oppress'd,
 The Poet begs the aid of all the brave;
 And that he some pretence to it may have,
 First for his Rhime he pardon does implore,
 And promises to ring those Chimes no more:
 Next for Jerus'lem, but with patience stay,
 And you shall see it burnt in the next Play:
 And last, to take away all sad Complaints,
 These Plays debauch our Women into Saints,
 Forgive it in the Plays, and we'll engage,
 They shall be Saints no where but on the Stage.

FINIS.



THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
JERUSALEM

BY
Titus Vespasian.

The Second Part.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal
By Their
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by Mr. *Crown.*

○ LONDON,
Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley*,
in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*, near
the *Piazza's*, Anno. Dom. 1677.

6

THE HISTORY OF
THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

THE
VOLUME

THE SECOND PART

AND

THE
ROYAL



THE
MUSEUM

AND

THE
MUSEUM

AND

THE
MUSEUM

The Play ended, Mrs. *Marshal* returns
and speaks the EPILOGUE, in
the Character of Queen *Berenice*.

How! is the Gallant British Nation here!
Nay then in spite of Titus I'll appear,
And make this brave Assembly judge my Cause;
Wou'd you forsake your Loves for fear of Laws?
You are so brave, where Love is in the case,
Men fear no danger, Women no disgrace.
A Confident is out o' fashion grown,
Or any Common Friend will serve for one.
Who, Madam, pays your eyes their Tribute due?
— 'Tis my Lord such a one: — And, is he true? —
— Oh! very true, and worthy my esteem. —
— And, Madam, had you pretty Miss by him? —
— Yes, Madam; — Oh! we lead a pleasant life,
Lord how we laugh at his poor nauseous Wife! —
— I thought you were ador'd by such a one: —
— I lov'd him first, but that Intrigue is done. —
— Why did you part? — He was a Younger Brother;
Besides, we grew a weary of each other.
Thus brave are you, nor can you well forbear;
Your Women charming, men most gallant are.
With this small Beauty I might Servants have,
Now I am free; but I your pardon crave,
I never more will any Friendships make,
For my unkind, unconstant Lovers sake.
No, — you in Love as Gauls do in the Field,
Charge fierce, subdue, but soon your Conquests yield:
Never keep long the Beauties which you take,
But first dismantle 'em, then give 'em back.

Then to all new Intrigues a long farewell;
But Woman-like, though I dissemble well,
I love to talk of my false Lover oft;
And if the passions I have sigh'd be soft,
And such as may unhappy Beanties please,
All you forsaken slighted Mistresses,
In mine, to hear your own complainings come;
'Tis better then to mope alone at home,
Or in the Rooms, where first your hearts were won,
Or private Lodgings, where ~~you~~ ^{you} were — undone.
Come all of you; but if the half resort,
Queen Berenice will have a crouded Court.

Some Books Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.

Plato's Apology of *Socrates*, or *Phedo*, two Dialogues concerning the Immortality of Man's Soul.

A Natural History of the Passions.

Moral Essays, Translated from the French by the Author of *Ars Cogitandi*.

Moral Essays, the Second Part. In the Press.

PLAYS.

Country Wit.

Sophonisba.

Nero.

Augustus Cæsar.

Abdelazer.

Sir Timothy Taudry.

Madam Fickle.

All Mistaken.

English Monsieur.

Tartuff.

Andromache.

Calista.

Forc'd Marriage.

The Destruction of *Jerusalem* by
Titus Vespasian. Both Parts.

The Rival Queens, or the Death
of *Alexander the Great*. In the
Press.

The Fool turn'd Critick. In the
Press.

English Novels, New.

Zelinda.

Count Brion.

Happy Slave.

Happy Slave, Second Part.

French Novels.

Princess Monferrat.

L'Heureux Esclave.

L'Heureux Esclave, Second Part.

L'Heureux Esclave, Third Part. In the Press.

Rare-en-tout; A French Comedy Acted at *Whitehall*.

Some Books of Devotion.

Bishop *Andrews* Devotions, and Manuel for the Sick.

Thomas à Kempis.

Dr. *Taylor's* Psalter, with the Collects and Prayers to each Psalm.

Coker's Devotions.

Drexelius of Eternity.

THE PROLOGUE.

How! once again this fair and noble Shew!
The Poet hopes you will good-natur'd grow:
He shew'd before his Muse but to the wast;
The Jewish Harlot hopes her danger's past,
If she above cou'd ought to please you shew,
You will implicitly like all below.
The Fool is hardy who to write does dare;
As strong in brain as Sampson in his hair
He needs to be, who conquers when he writes,
The Pit Philistines, Gall'ry Gergashites.
But what Allies to aid him he does chuse?
Priests, Women Saints, and Pharaसाick Jews.
You wicked Wits all Holy things despise,
More charm in 'em then you perceive there lyes.
Have you forgot since Wit was fool'd by Cant?
The Hero ruin'd by the sneaking Saint?
Saintship was making of a wicked face?
And snuffling was a certain sign of Grace?
Since by a fine distinction then in vogue,
The inward Saint was only fac'd with Rogue;
And men did subt'ly split themselves in two,
And th'outward man did all the mischief do?
If the good Brethren by a chance did fall,
In that deep pit of sin you Wenching call,
Twas but the outward Knave that was unchast,
And Sisters sinn'd but downward from the wast;
The inward Maid as chaste was as before,
And th'upper parts did sanctifie the low'r.

*Thus they cou'd sin, and yet be Sisters too ;
Women are Wenches straight, who sin with you.
Since those false Pharisees did works so great,
Why may not true ones do a little cheat ?
Pervert your likings to these wretched Plays,
And make you for a Wit the Scribler praise.
Tub-preachers rid you all for years at least,
Pray for an hour endure a Jewish Priest ;
So make the Stage successfull as the Tub,
And Criticks may succeed to Beelzebub.*

THE

I

T H E
Destruction
O F
JERUSALEM.

P A R T II.

A C T I. S C E N. I.

TITUS *alone, sitting melancholly in his Tent.*

Tit. **N**O more, no more — whilst I her Doom delay,
My heart each hour I to new pains betray;
The more I think, the less resolv'd I prove,
And I but wider tear the wounds of Love.
These thoughts no more shall in my soul contest,
I'll pull this shaft of Love out of my breast,
And with one 'patch conclude my lingring pain;
This day two Victories at once I'll gain,
Over my heart, and this rebellious Town,
Conclude at once their sorrows and my own,
Subdue both Love and them, my Fame complete;
Glory begins to rise, now Love must set.
Said I, my sorrows now an end should know,
Vespasian never wretched was till now!
I fight to purchase what I not regard,

B

Rome

Rome with my ruine does my Sword reward.
 Gods! — the Queens Sentence I must quickly speak.
 Or I shall all my resolutions break.

Who waits? —

[Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord! —

Tit. How forward is the day?

Off. The Sun does o're the Hills his Beams display.

Tit. The loitring morn does me a while prevent;
 The beautiful Queen now slumbers in her Tent:
 Some God in dream the fatal tidings bear,
 And for her doom her Noble Soul prepare,
 Till she awakes I must my Love reprieve,
 Mean while I for th' assault will Orders give.

Trumpets sound, and a Centurian enters.

Cent. Great Sir! *Tiberias* with the Kings attend
 Without your Tent, and for admision send.

Tit. Conduct 'em in, they opportunely come,
 Now stubborn Town I must pronounce thy doom.

*Centurian goes out, and immediately enter Tiberias, Malchus,
 and Antiochus.*

Tib. All health! to glorious *Cesar*! duty brings
 My self, and your Allyes, these brave young Kings,
 Thus early Sir, your great commands to know;
 Both they and all your Troops impatient grow,
 Your mercy longer should these Rebels save,
 And humbly beg they may permission have
 To throw this City, without more delay,
 Beneath your feet, and end the War to day.

Tit. These valiant Monarchs my desires prevent,
 What they petition is my own intent.
 These slaves no more my mercy shall out-brave,
 Yet I would fain this splendid City save.
 Me thinks it does a Noble Town appear;
 Gods Might forsake their Heaven-t' inhabit here.
 With much delight I from my Camp behold
 Their shining Temple, flaming all with Gold;

Which

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 3

Which every morning puts such Glory on,
I oft mistake it for the rising Sun.

The Mountain which supports the splendid weight,
Under the bright oppression seems to sweat ;
Whilst flocking Gods from every Region come,
Despising all their little Fanes at home.

Mal. To shining walls do you such kindness bear?
For the Dens sake will you the Wild-beasts spare?

Ant. Three months your gen'rous self you deaf have shewn
To th' importunings of your own renown ;
Feeding your hungry Eagles every day,
Only in pity to the trembling prey,
Tiring the Arms of Fame, who to present,
Her load of Crowns has waited at your Tent.

Tib. Both Men and Gods, astonish'd Sir, appear
To see a Den of famisht Rebels here,
Which might so soon out of your way be hurl'd,
Retard you from the Conquest of the World.

Mal. But how much longer shall, may soon be known ;
Two walls your Rams beneath your feet have thrown,
That now the Town has in its sad distress
But one poor wall to hide her nakedness.

Ant. Yes, mighty *Cæsar* has one Robe bestow'd,
A work that might become some pow'rful God ;
A wall wherewith he has their Tow'rs confin'd.
As if to make new wonders for Mankind:
Built by your Legions in the little space,
The Sun but thrice drove round his daily race ;
That the fourth morning the astonish'd Sun
Stood still to gaze on what your Troops had done ;
And now these Crowds cannot your anger fly,
They have no way to 'scape you, but to die.

Tit. You saw, constrain'd by famine, how they fought,
Grass, Hay or Dung, at what dear rates they bought ;
Around the Meadows they would fiercely range,
And freely Blood for Juice of Grass exchange :
Nay with the plenty grew luxurious too,
Were fat with Grass, and drunk with morning Dew,
That I was forc'd this remedy to take,
Both for my Men, and for my Horses sake ;

Most for their own, whom I would fain reprieve,
Compel to taste my clemency, and live.

Tib. Yes, Sir; but e're they will a *Roman* serve,
The foolish slaves in malice chuse to starve:
Shut in with Famine, he such shoales does eat,
The savage Monster will our Swords defeat;
Each Ditch and Vault his foul provisions fill;
There scarce are living left enow to kill.

Tit. A strange distraction on these wretches seize.

Mal. The Nobler *Jews* are sick of that disease,
Religious madness does their minds oppress,
And with strange dreams their raving thoughts possess:
Past cure of Hunger, Darkness, Iron Rods,
They talk of nought but Heav'n, Religion, Gods,
Of conq'ring you, nay of enslaving *Rome*,
Of Empire here, and Paradise to come.

Ant. Nay, every moment they expect a King
Of their own Nation, who shall succour bring,
Strange wonders do, both teach and rule the Earth,
And think the Clouds big with this mighty Birth:
It never thunders but they think he calls;
Each storm they watch to catch him as he falls.

Tib. Some fondly dream, the *Parthian* King is he;
Think him the eldest Son of Prophecie.
Find him Inroll'd in their Divine Record,
And see strange wonders budding on his Sword.
A mighty Empire is in him begun,
He drives along the Chariot of their Sun.
Behind the Hills already it appears,
His valour lashes on the loytring years.

Tit. Poor Prince! to vault up to such heights as those,
Improper ground he for his rise has chose.
My injur'd patience shall no longer wait;
This night I have decreed the Cities fate;
And the last morning now is drawing on
The Sun shall rise o're this rebellious Town.
To all my Squadrons strictest Orders bear,
They for a general Assault prepare.
And if the Rebels still my mercy slight,
Bury the City out of humane sight,

Part II. of JERUSALEM.

5

Only from mine save the bright abode
Of their great Power, I would oblige that God;
To aid Rebellion, nobly he disdains;
Besides the Pile my admiration gains:
What else of greatness may deserve the name,
Preserve for monuments of *Roman* fame.

Tib. How will Heav'n's Vaults with acclamations ring,
When these commands we to the Army bring?

Mal. For this my Arabs have impatient been.

Ant. No less have all my Slaves of *Comagene*.

Tit. But that this stubborn City yet may find
How much to clemency I am inclin'd,
Through all my Army Proclamation make,
That all who to my mercy will betake,
I'll gladly as my best of friends regard,
And not alone will pardon, but reward;
But no compassion shall prevail for them,
Who this my proffer'd mercy dare contemn.

Tib. Severity to some would thousands save;
And Sir, your Legions Troops of Captives have;
If *Cesar* please, e're we the fight begin,
We will for terrour to the Slaves within,
The Rebel Captives, ta'en in heat of fight,
Fix on high Crosses in their Brethrens sight:
The horrid Spectacle will batter down
Their Souls, as fast as Engines do the Town.

Tit. Streight let the Orders through my Camp be spread.

Tib. *whispers a Cent. who goes out.*

Mal. I mighty *Cesars* pleasure at the head
Of all my Troops will wait. ———

Exit.

Ant. And I at mine;
My Squadrons soon shall be prepar'd to joyn:

Exit.

A Shout.

Tib. Hark! from the Camp glad shouts invade the Air,
The news are spread, and all with joy prepare.

Like

Like fiery Steeds they bound, and beat the Plains,
And loudly neigh to feel the slackned Reins.

*Ratling of Chains, and a loud cry as of many Prisoners within,
calling for mercy.*

Tib. The condemn'd Captives now are lead to die,
And vainly to your Guards for mercy cry.

Tit. These wretches sorrows move me; none before
From me did mercy undeni'd implore.

Tib. Now e're our Legions towards the City move, [*Aside*
I must assault awhile my Generals Love,
To rowze his Soul must be my speedy care;
To a bright Heaven he shortly will repair,
Where his fair Queen will no admission find.
Already I have stir'd his noble mind;
But I'm afraid again he's fast asleep,
And the sweet dream his Soul does pris'ner keep;
I must no longer the Alarm delay,
For the whole Empire for his waking stay.

Tit. Now to my friend *Tiberias* I'll impart
The strange decree of my revolting heart:
The victory, it o're that Fire does gain,
He, and all *Rome* so long oppos'd in vain.

[*Aside.*

Tib. Now Sir, one word! —

Tit. Ah! Friend! thy thoughts I guess,
Against my love thou something would'st express.

Tib. The time is drawing near! —

Tit. Oh! how I grieve!

Must I the joys of love for Empire leave?

Tib. My boldness, *Cesar*, punish or forgive,
Your beloved passion must no longer live.
You know *Rome* waits but till this Siege be done,
To place you partner in your Fathers Throne.
The Empire will not for his setting stay,
She'll have no twilight, but perpetual day:
But certain Laws each step to Glory guard,
As e're in th'upper world for the reward
Of your great deeds a Godhead you receive,
You first by Nature's Law this world must leave;

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 7

So by the Laws of *Rome*, e're you remove
To Pow'r and Empire, you must dye to Love.
I mean this Love, which you descend to place
On a Crown'd Head, and one of forreign Race.
For to be plain, *Rome* never will admit
A Queen on her Imperial Throne should sit;
'Lest that her Laws you should with one out-brave,
Who wears her Chains, and is her Royal Slave.
On *Cæsars* noble Nature I presume;
But I must venture whatsoe're's my doom.
None vainly will deceive a dying friend;
You to new Worlds of Glory now ascend.
And Sir, it's my duty to declare
You are for Heaven, and bid you streight prepare.

Tit. Thy Counsels all from perfect friendship flow:
Too well the *Roman* Laws and pride I know.
Oh! Gods! what charming love must I forsake?

Tib. Of that, Great Sir, there's none dispute will make.

Tit. Ah! Friend! more charming then thou canst believe,
Or raise imagination to conceive.
Like frozen Climates thou my Son may'st see,
But what I feel is mystery to thee.
She ne'r unvails her beauty to my sight,
But my Soul's lost in mazes of delight!
My thirsty Eyes drink in a secret fire,
I feel a joy no repetitions tire.
Her charms each day with fresh delight I view,
And still discover in 'em something new.

Tib. What must be done Sir, will you then proceed?

Tit. Ah! who can soon from such a love be freed?
Yet Friend, to shew my Glory I'll compleat,
That nothing for my Courage is too great.
Against this Love which is to me so dear,
From my own mouth this wondrous sentence hear:
Know then, the hour I all my hopes can crown,
Now Heav'n rains on me all wish'd Blessings down;
Now smiling Fate makes Garlands for my Soul,
And spreads a mighty Bed for Love to rowl;
To the fair Queen I go, strange news to bear!
I go — Oh! Heavens! — I go — now to declare.

Tib.

Tib. What Sir?

Tit. What thou would'st ne'r believe before,
That we must never see each other more.

Tib. Amazing news!

Tit. *Tiberias*, 'tis decreed!

My heart does for the Queens misfortunes bleed;
I fear of fatal consequence 'twill prove!

But nothing can my resolutions move.

Seven days my lab'ring Soul in pain has been,
To break the fatal tidings to the Queen.

Sometimes in sighs I would my thoughts express,
And fain would have her my intention guess.

But she who nobly on my faith relies,
Little suspects whence the false sighs arise.

Sure of my heart, and lavish of her own,
Mistakes th'intention of my secret moan.

Pities my sorrows, and more charming grows,
And all my courage wholly overthrows.

But now, I've all my constancy alarm'd,
My Soul is fix'd, and I am wholly arm'd.

Tib. Oh! wondrous Conquest! now your glorious name,
And mighty deeds, shall fill the mouth of Fame.

You barb'rous Nations did subdue before,
But now your self those Nations Conquerour;

Though some rude fears into our minds would press,
Yet, Sir, from you we did expect no less.

Tit. Oh! we with specious names our selves deceive,
And solid Joys for empty Titles leave.

Oh! Gods! what pleasures now do I forsake!

I'll think no more, my constancy will shake.

You flatt'ring dreams of Love begone from hence,
I'll do't, and ne'r regard the consequence.

Trumpets, and enter an Officer.

Off. Great Sir, the Queen is lighted at the Tent.

Tit. Ah! Friend!

Tib. How Sir? so soon your courage spent?
Desert the field e're you the fight begin?

Now is the time —

Tit. No more, — Conduct her in.

Enter

Enter Berenice, Semandra.

Ber. My Lord in health! now I am eas'd of pain,
And my minds quiet is return'd again.
A foolish dream tormented me to night;
What, matters not, now I have you in sight.
But ha! I in your looks a sadness spy;
You only to my words with sighs reply.
Must all your thoughts to Fame devoted be?
Can you afford no room in 'em for me?
If present thus you banish me your mind,
My Image sure does cold acceptance find
In your retiring heart, when I am gone,
And left it quite to your dispose alone.

Tit. Ah! Madam! all the Gods can witness bear,
Queen *Berenice* is always present there.
No time, nor absence ever shall deface
That Image Love once in my heart did place.

Ber. Why Sir, do you invoke the Gods for this?
Does *Titus* need a friend to *Berenice*?
All they can witness will superfluous be;
Titus is Heav'n, and all the Gods to me.

Tit. Ye Gods! How dearly must I Empire buy? [*Aside.*
You keep the rates of Glory up too high.
And too severe a task of me require,
Who no delight but *Berinice* desire.

Tit. *Cesar* is lost! what charms does she display? [*Aside.*
Stifled in sweets his courage faints away.

Ber. Ah! Sir! your Eyes do ^{you} from me withdraw,
As if some Ill unpleasing thing you saw.
Alas! permit me to relate my fears,
Me thinks of late a change in you appears;
These seven days I have not gain'd a word,
Your alter'd looks did not one smile afford:
Alas! to doubt your love I do not dare,
And yet I cannot from some fear forbear;
These Omens must forebode some ill I'm sure.
My fate has been too happy to endure.

Say then, whence springs this trouble? if from me,
 Tell me, and I will die to set you free;
 For all is done, that I was born to do,
 If I can add no more delight to you:
 For you are all —

Tit. Madam, no more, more —
 On me too liberally you Favours pour;
 For on a most ungrateful man they fall.

Ber. Ah! Sir! do you your self ungrateful call?
 Perhaps you weary of my kindness grow,
 That never was a trouble thought till now.
 I have liv'd long enough, if that be true;
 For all the joy I take in life, is you.

Tit. My sorrow, Madam, since I must reveal, —
 My heart did never greater passion feel. —
 But —

Ber. Finish Sir! —

Tit. Alas! —

Ber. Speak, speak my doom. —

Tit. Some God assist me now — the Empire *Rome* —
 Sound to th'assault, I'll to my Squadrons straight,
 My Soul's oppress'd, I can no more relate. *Exit.*

Goes on the sudden with Tib.

Ber. Dear Heav'n! what should this Mystery contain?

Sem. Nothing but Heav'n the riddle can explain.
 You have done nothing might his anger move?

Ber. Except he takes offence at too much Love.

Sem. I wish ill news from *Rome* has not possess'd,
 With some displeasing thoughts, his troubled breast;
 You know the hate she bears your rank and you,
 And now if he —

Ber. Alas! if that were true! —
 But oh! he never can so civil prove!
 A thousand times he has assur'd his Love
 Should to no haughty Laws of *Rome* submit,
 And e're his Love he would the Empire quit.
 And now, that I esteem my danger past,
 He will not sure undo me at the last.

Part II. of JERUSALEM.

II

No *Titus* Soul must needs be generous still,
And mine as brave must think of him no ill:
What e're it is, I'm unconcern'd to know,
Whilst I have him, let Thrones and Empires go.
Their loss I would not with one tear redeem,
I have the Empire of the world in him.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE *The Palace in Jerusalem.*

Enter Mathias, Sagan, Phineas.

Phin. **H**ow long will Heav'n his needful aid delay?
With various plagues our Nation pines away.
Besieg'd without, by all the power of *Rome*,
Famish'd within, and no relief does come:
Our Prayers on daily Embassies we send,
But Heav'n no Angel Volunteers will lend;
He locks his mercy up in Towers of Brass,
Nor lets our Prayers on their Embassy pass.

Sag. *Rome's* batt'ring Rammes have more effect then ours,
Her Engines daily over-set our Tow'rs;
But our strong cries, though ne'r so loud we call,
Cannot so much as shake Heav'n's Chrystal Wall.

Mat. I cannot dive into the mystick sence;
But Heav'n his presence has withdrawn from hence:
He none of all his wonted ways replies,
By Angels Visions, Dreams, or Prophecies;
~~But~~ from his own Temple he has ta'en his flight,
And given it to Owls, and Birds of night.

Phin. A Reason sure no mortal thought can frame,
But Heav'n at us does all his Arrows aim.
We know not where to make our chief defence,
'Gainst Famine, Traytors, *Rome*, or Pestilence:
If from the *Roman* fury to preserve
Our selves we fight, we only fight to starve:

If by dear purchas'd Food we life maintain,
We fight to eat, and eat to fight again.

Sag. These ~~ore~~ luxurious things you now relate ;
The plenty's lust of that once happy state.

We must no more on the rich Meadows stray,
Nor dine with *Cæsars* Horses every day.

Titus not only a poor famish'd Crew
Imprisons, but their Walls and Bulwarks too.
A wondrous proof of *Roman* greatness shewn,
A mighty Wall surrounding all the Town,
Built in three days ; that now we pounded are,
Penn'd in with Monsters, Famine, and Despair.
For *Roman* sport, like Gladiators here,
We fight, as in an Amphitheatre.

They laugh to see us by each other fall ;
And shut in Famine to devour us all.

Mat. And from that Monster we small mercy find,
Our Crowds are all to fleeting shadows pin'd ;
They walk about like Spectres of the night,
Famish'd to Shapes, would even Ghosts afright :
Paler then Ghosts the starving people lie,
And rather seem to vanish then to die.
No tears for Friends or Kindred now are shed,
The living look with envy on the dead,
Who freed from Hungers rigorous demands,
Have flung their Tenements on Natures hands.

Phin. And lest devouring Famine should be cloy'd,
And we not fast or soon enough destroy'd,
What little Orts the Monster can afford,
Are by the bloody Rebels Swords devour'd.

Sag. And lest the *Parthian* King our Nation save,
That we from ruine no defence may have,
That spreading Tree, under whose Boughs we sate,
And shelter found in all the storms of Fate,
Blasted by Love, now withers every day,
And with him all our comfort pines away.

Phin. Yes, at *Clarona's* feet ('tis said) he lies ;
Who saves the Father, by the Daughter dies.

Sag. It will dishonour on Religion draw ;
'Tis true, we are forbidden by the Law

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 13

To match with Strangers to our Faith and Bloud,
But we are more forbid Ingratitude.

Mat. Your Sentiments I do not disapprove;
My Daughter has my leave to shew him Love,
In hopes to win him by enticing Charms,
To Divine Pleasures in Religions Arms,
And to reward his Soul with Heav'nly Joy,
That Crown nor *Rome*, nor Rebels can destroy.

Phin. Why our own safety do we thus neglect?
And only fight base Rebels to protect.
We bawd for them, whilst they their lusts procure,
We from Heavens Officers defend the door.

Vespasian is the scourge of wrath divine;
Let us these Rebels to the Rod resign.

Mat. I dare not do it, they will then resume
Their ancient cries; Conspiracies with *Rome*!
With shews of truth they will their charge maintain,
And I shall help 'em my Renown to stain. *Cries without.*
Heark! they have now begun their mornings chace.

Sag. This Palace borders near the Holy Place,
And thence the winds these doleful noises bear.

Mat. Some by the Rebels now are tortur'd there.

Phin. Since those foul Spirits did the Temple haunt,
Our Ears did ne'r these entertainments want.

Mat. Our Altars they possess, our Laws contemn;
Let us atone our sins with bloud of them. *Ex. om.*

The Scene changes to the Temple.

Enter John, Eleazar, Pharisees, driving several over the Stage.

Pha. Oh! bloody Hypocrites!

Joh. Scourge! scourge 'em well!
See if th' Idolaters no food conceal.

Enter a Pharisee followed by a Woman.

Pha. A Woman in the Act of eating ta'ne.

Wom. Thou greedy Thief restore my Bread again.

I three days hunger for this Morfel bore,
 Denied my self, and ran on Natures score;
 And thou depriv'st me of this poor retreat,
 Thou savage *Cannibal* my life dost eat.

Job. Thou griev'st thy self and us with vain complaints,
 We must not sinners feed with Bread of Saints.
 Now move our Plot, but so as none may know, *Whispers a*
 Or guefs, you shoot my Arrows from your Bow. *Pharisee.*
 Some Vision feign, for with a vulgar head
 Visions like Pictures serve in Reasons stead.

2 *Pha.* Enough. —

Whispers to John.

Now Brethren to our great Affairs. —
 Oh! *John*, how long wilt thou deny our Prayers?
 Seest thou not how the Nation headless lies?
 The Priest depos'd by his impieties,
 The Sacred Flock without a Shepherd stray
 Through Thorns and Brakes, and made to Wolves a prey;
 Whilst thou canst all their sufferings behold,
 And wilt not drive 'em safe into a Fold.

Job. How precious is to me the tend'rest moan
 Of suffering Saints, I oft and long have shewn.
 I have lamented long to see a vile
 and Impious Man the Diadem defile,
 With Names of Good and Loyal guild his Train,
 And Saints with the reproach of Rebels stain;
 Deluding tender minds, who do not see,
 Not Miters make a Priest, but Sanctity:
 But Sirs, I would not have the burden fall
 On me, the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 *Pha.* We have consulted, wept, and pray'd, and find
 Our Souls born to thee by a pow'rful Wind,
 That blows from Heav'n, and against that Gale
 No Humane Wisdom must pretend to Sail.

Job. Alas! No Holy Man a Miter wants!
 For we are all High Priests as we are Saints.

2 *Ph.* But since some weak ones know not their own right,
 And 'gainst Religion for a Miter fight;
 For sake of tender minds 'twere fit we joyn
 Internal Saintship with External Sign.

Elea. Sirs, shall we not this way the Law offend?
This Office must to *Aarons* Sons descend.

Joh. Think you (dear Brother) carnal Sons are meant?
No, but his Sons by Heavenly descent.
But yet suppose the literal sense were good,
Power Heav'n's Crown Land, is but at will bestow'd;
And when 'tis forfeited by wicked Men,
Returns to Saints the Royal Blood again.
I do not speak that such a weight should fall
On me the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 Pha. Dost thou oppose us still? then hear, and fear
A Vision did last night to me appear,
Putting a Priestly Miter in my hand, *Takes a Miter.*
Crown *John* with it (said he) at my command.
If he rejects it, or beneath it faints,
Let him reject too the reward of Saints.
Now, if you dare, the Vision disobey.

Joh. But did the Vision *John* distinctly say?

2 Pha. With a loud voice it *John* did thrice proclaim,
As if it fear'd I should forget the name.

Joh. It must some secret Mystery contain;
For Dreams and Visions never do speak plain:
Some of you holy ones by *John* are meant.

2 Pha. You are the *John* to whom the Miter's sent.

Joh. Brethren, indeed you value me too high.

2 Pha. Obedience to the Vision's voice deny?

Elea. Perhaps the literal sense some doubts has bred,
I'll be the Mystick *John* then in his stead,
And with the Holy Burden will rejoyce. [*Ele. puts on a Miter.*]

John takes the Miter from Eleazars Head,

Joh. I sin, I sin, I will obey the voice.
Brethren, I thank you all, for though I know
The Sacred burden, under which I bow,
Cannot by flesh and blood be undergone;
Yet you your high esteem of me have shewn.
With Cheerful Wine now fill the Holy Bowls,
And with Religious Joy refresh our Souls.

All Creatures for delight of Saints are made,
 And wicked Men do but our Rights invade.
 If one of us a sinners Bread devours,
 He wrongs him not, for all the world is ours.
 The Banquet spread, and let the Musick play,
 Thus Saints is all your Coronation day.
 I'm but the humblest servant of you all,
 To you the ease, to me the burdens fall.
 My Priestly Blessing in this Bowl I give;
 May Traytors perish, and the Brethren live.
 For ever live, for ever love maintain.

1 *Pha.* With swelling Hearts and Bowls we wish

All. Amen, ———

[*All drink.*]

Joh. Once more I wish, for ever love maintain!

2 *Pha.* Once more we say Amen. ———

3 *Pha.* Amen!

All. Amen.

[*All drink.*]

Joh. Now the Apostate I condemn to die,
 Who has so long defil'd this Dignity.
 By my own hand that Victim shall be slain,
 And with his Blood I'll bless my following Reign:
 True if the Soul of any private Saint
 Does after such a glorious action pant.
 Then by his valour let the Traytor bleed,
 I'll humbly yield to him the gracious deed.

Exit.

Scene the Palace.

Enter Clarona, followed by Phraartes.

Phra. In vain you fly, to death I will pursue!
 I've always been accusom'd to subdue.
 Indeed by Villains, Fortune, and by *Rome*
 I've been betray'd, but ne'r was overcome.
 Here I have brought my War, nor will be gone,
 Till every Province of you be my own.

Clar. Little knows he his Love's too great success,
 And my now vanquish'd Heart's more great distress.

Phra. See if she will bestow on me a look!
 What Soul is able such disdain to brook?

Malicious

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 17

Malicious chance! that ever I came here!
 I stopt my Glory in its full careere.
 There had not now in the whole world remain'd,
 A Throne unconquer'd, or a King unchain'd!
 But all that Glory in this fatal place
 I have consum'd before one beautilous face.

Clar. Did I intreat you, Sir, so long to stay,
 And for my sake your great Designs delay?

Phr. I know you scorn my Love and Valour both!
 The safety I bestow on you, you loath:
 You daily like the Morn in blushes rise,
 Because you live by one you do despise.

Clar. All this with patience I can hear from you.

Phr. You can hear any thing you should not do;
 But you are deaf to all the loudest sounds
 Of all my services, of all my wounds;
 Though Camp and City both do silence break,
 And there the Dead, and here the Living speak,
 All to your hearing cannot force away.

Clar. I still can bear.

Phr. And still slight all I say.
 Why with such scorn do you my Love deny?
 Shew me the man on Earth more great then I,
 And let that man the happy Lover be.

Clar. Greatness not valued is at all by me:

Phr. What do you value?

Clar. Nothing in this vain
 And wretched World —

Phr. Wou'd I were out on't then!

Clar. Where is the heart such kindness wou'd not move?
 Who can resist such merit? and such Love? (*Weeps.*)

Phr. How! do you weep! Nay then I have done ill! —
 Thus humbly I for pardon to you kneel! — (*Kneels.*)
 Let not my rage a trouble to you prove!
 I do confess I am unfit to Love.

Love has too violent effect, I find,
 On my too rash, and most unruly mind. *Trumpet*
 The Trumpet calls! — farewell, too Lovely Maid! *sounds.*
 To reach thy Heavenly Beauties I have straid;

Like the Mistaken Fool, who wanders round
 To find the place where Heav'n does touch the ground.
 Whilst thou continu'st still, far, far above
 Tallest deserts, and most aspiring Love.
 Who highest climbe but reach thee with their Eye,
 No more then those who in the Valleys lie. *(Offers to go.)*

Clar. Oh! stay!

Phr. That charming voice did I not hear?
 Or did my thoughts deceive my credulous Ear?

Clar. Stay yet a moment with me.

Phr. Stay with you!

That I to all Eternity cou'd do.

Clar. Sit down a while, for I have much to say.

Phr. Such kind commands how gladly I obey.

Clar. Did I e're think that any should subdue *(aside.)*
 My heart to Love, and to confess it too?
 Oh Heav'n! that thou so kind to me hadst been,
 That I had never King *Phraartes* seen.

Phr. Is it for this that I must tarry here?

Clar. You may have patience, Sir, till more appear.
 Oh had I never King *Phraartes* seen,
 My life had been all happy, and serene!
 I had not known what shame or guilt had meant,
 Nor had a thought of which I might repent.

Phr. Have I transplanted any of those foul
 And thorny weeds out of my desert soul
 Into your breast? let 'em not there remain,
 Return 'em to their Native soyl again.

Clar. You have a Plant, I thought no more cou'd grow
 In my cold breast, then Roses in the Snow:
 A Plant whose name I did abhor before,
 Nor dare I name it lest I speak no more.

Phr. What Artist can my trembling doubts remove?
 Oh that I durst suppose it to be Love!
 I'd give my Crown I cou'd my thoughts beguile
 But with those dawning glimmering hopes a while.

Clar. What unknown Fates are kept for us above?
 That I shou'd own to any one I Love! —

Phr. What vast oppression of delight is this?
 Hold! for I bow beneath the weight of bliss.

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 19

Clar. Alas! I think indeed you alter'd grow,
And blood out of your wounds begins to flow:

Phr. Let it flow on: — But did you say you Love!

Clar. Suppress this passion, it may hurtfull prove.
Lean on my bosom whilst your wounds I bind.

Phr. Oh joy! oh sweetness! oh my ravish'd mind!
I cannot speak the half that I wou'd say; } *Trumpet*
And heark, the Trumpet calls me now away. } *sounds.*

Clar. Peace, murd'ring sound! thou shalt not be obey'd;
You shall not stir, the bleeding is not stay'd:
Do not go from me. —

Phr. Do not go from you!
If by each blow I gave, a King I slew,
For all their Crowns I wou'd not stir from hence;
But I must fight, my Love, in your defence.

Clar. Can I be safe, and you in danger thrown?
Preserve my life in saving of your own:
Refresh your self a while with gentle ease,
And I'll oppose our cruel Enemies,
If need require; — I'me of a Nation bred,
Whose softer Sex has oft our Armies led,
Our Country sav'd, and singly have prevail'd,
When all the courage of our men have fail'd.

Phr. Sweetest of creatures! if there Angels be,
What Angel is not wishing to be thee?
Our state not yet so very desp'rate grows,
That we should throw our Jewels at our Foes.
Love is thy field; for those delightfull harms
Thou art all over thee prepar'd with arms:
Shoot all thy Arrows in one melting kiss, } *kisses her*
And wound me, wound me to the death with bliss. } *cheek.*
Our Vows are seal'd, and I a God am crown'd!

Clar. In a red Sea of blushes I am drown'd.

Phr. Torrent of sweetness! pour on me again
Thy overwhelming pleasures! —

Clar. Oh refrain! —

Phr. I cannot! cannot!

Clar. Now you must no more; —
When Heav'n my Country's freedom shall restore,

And fill the Land with joy, it may be then
You shall not be the only wretched man.

Phr. That word alarm does to my courage sound!
Another Soul does in my breast rebound.
Above a man I shall this moment fight,
And will be blest above a God to night :
For yet e're night no Foe alive shall be,
To interpose betwixt my joys and me.
But one kind look, and I to Arms repair.

Clar. Take it, and with it my devouteest prayer
To Heav'n to guard you. —

Phr. Oh how am I blest !

Clar. Much less then I am ! — pray at my request
Be carefull of your self, —

Phr. That I shall be,
Cause Love has made me now a part of thee.
I leave with thee for pledge my soul, my heart.

Clar. Good Angels guide you. —

Ex.

Phr. Thou my Angel art.
She's mine ; and now the Gods she did adore,
And heav'nly thoughts shall never haunt her more.

Ex.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *The Roman Tents.*

Enter Berenice and Semandra.

Ber. O H Heav'ns! not see me! nor approach me once!
All Love, all pity, all respect renounce!
Amazing change in him this does exprefs;
Something has ruin'd all my happiness.

Sem. Oh judge not so severely of your fate!

Ber. It is too true: — what less then bitter hate
Cou'd make him thus disorder'd from me run,
Nay seek occasions *Berenice* to shun?
I have but once beheld him all this day,
And then he turn'd his eyes from me away,
Wou'd not with one, my many smiles requite;
I was so far from yielding him delight,
That he wou'd look on any thing but me,
I was the hatefullst object he could see.

Sem. The sight appear'd to me exceeding strange,
I wonder what it is has wrought this change;
I cannot think it from unkindness flows,
I rather fear from *Rome* some Tempest blows:
Or from the Camp new threatening clouds arise;
I see the Armies daily Mutinies
Against his Love; — and may I not believe
He grieves lest these your Noble mind shou'd grieve?

Ber. Does he so meanly of my heart esteem?
Is it a trouble to endure for him?

Sem. What though it may afford delight to you?
Shou'd he be pleas'd you suffer for him too?
May not the best of men afflicted prove,
She shou'd be troubled whom he best does love?
No doubt to crown you Empress he aspires,
And finds *Rome* will not bow to his desires:

Is it unnatural a gen'rous mind
 Shou'd grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd?
 That he in spite of him ignoble proves,
 And cannot act as bravely as he Loves?

Ber. Thy fond defence does but accuse him more;
 As if *Rome* durst oppose her Emperour?
 Do not I know her Emperours to please,
 She both her Laws and Gods will Sacrifice?
 But what though she denies her mighty Throne?
 His passion sure entirely is his own:
 No Laws did ever yet to Love forbid,
 And having him, can I an Empire need?
 Who want a Throne that they may happy prove,
 Have hearts too great, or else too little Love.
 By none but *Cesar* I can be undone,
 And I will be appeas'd by him or none. —
 But ha! a shout!

Sem. It shou'd a Triumph be,
 It sounds like the glad voice of Victory.

Ber. Inquire the cause, and ease me of my fear;
 I'm on the wrack till I the tidings hear.

Sem. goes out, and immediately re-enters.

Sem. Madam, it is a Triumph as we thought,
 The Army have a glorious Vict'ry got,
 Not o're the Rebels, but their General's mind;
 Your Lord it seems this fatal Morn design'd
 To head his Squadrons, and expose in fight
 Himself, the Worlds both glory and delight.
 A thought his loyal Legions could not bear;
 His resolution by the earnest pray'r
 Of all his Kings and Captains is subdu'd,
 And now the glad victorious multitude,
 With joys triumphant make the ecchoes ring,
 Whilst their great Captive to his Tent they bring.

Ber. To the whole world he wou'd have injury done,
 All have a right in him as in the Sun;
 Heav'n one so brave for common good does frame: —
 I once an int'rest in him too might claim,

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 23

But that I fear is lost ——— (weeps.
I'll run to him, my thoughts he shall set free,
I cannot live in this uncertainty;
'Tis worse then death his kindness to suspect,
Or live one moment under his neglect. Ex.

Enter Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, Antiochus.

Tit. The humble prayers your Loyalties have made,
My resolution with success invade;
Go and discharge my Legions on the Town,
Each moment now is laden with renown.
The Gods and I will faithfully take care,
The living and the dead rewards shall share.
We'll Laurels place on each victorious head,
I'll crown the living, and the Gods the dead. —
Are th'Engines mounted?

Tib. All upon the wheel.

Ant. The Tow'rs already seem with fear to reel.

Mal. To th'inner wall we now have near access;
The City's stately Robes, and upper dress
Of Suburbs burnt, she now no longer bold,
With some few rags stands shivering in the cold.

Tit. How do these men compell me to deface
The charming beauty of this goodly place?

Tib. And that the obstinate and rebel Jews,
May hope no more your mercy to abuse,
We on the Plain have drawn before their eyes,
A lively Scheme to shew their destinies:
They need not vex the Stars, or trouble Art,
The Hills and Valleys can their fates impart;
The vocal Forrest is transplanted there,
From groaning Trees they Oracles may hear;
The Hills are shaded with a horrid Wood,
And Valleys fill'd with Vineyards weeping blood:
Crucifi'd bodies cover all the Plain,
Let 'em view them and obstinate remain.

Tit. These men distort my nature, wrest my mind,
And torture me lest they shou'd mercy find.

Titus

Titus talks to Tib. — Enter Berenice, Semandra;
Malc. Antioc. gaze on Ber.

Mal. The Queen! with beauty let me fill my fight,
And take before hand the reward of fight:
My Sword in *Cesar's* service I employ
But to see her, whose Love he does enjoy.

Ant. The fair young Queen! with beauty I'm oppress!
Oh *Cesar!* *Cesar!* for a man too blest!
The Gods more happiness on thee bestow,
Then they themselves are capable to know.

Tib. Mal. Ant. Ex.

Titus sees the Queen, and starts.

Tit. The Queen! I at the sight of her grow chill,
Like one in view of him he means to kill.

Ber. May I of *Cesar* crave without offence,
The favour of a moments conference?

Tit. Is it the Queen says this! Is she to know
That all things here allegiance to her owe?
And that she no way can oblige me more,
Then in commanding what she does implore.

Ber. I never shall survive the happy day,
When I on *Cesar's* obligations lay;
Since so much glory were too great to bear:
I have already had too great a share
Of pleasures, in the sole belief that I
Cou'd contribute to his felicity.

Tit. Shou'd the fair Queen the moment not outlive,
In which her Love to me does pleasure give,
How often must that beauteous Princess dye?
Since all my thoughts I on her Love employ,
And ev'ry thought affords my soul delight.
But oh! my injur'd passion I must right!
Was all my Love not real but deceit?
And did you but believe my kindness great?

Ber. Far be all ill suspicions from my breast;
I should my self (and justly too) detest,

Part II of JERUSALEM. 25

If a mean thought of *Cesar* e're shou'd find,
 Any the least reception in my mind.
 All his past Love I do not, dare not wrong,
 But the glory have enjoy'd too long:
Cesar is pleas'd to let it now decline,
 Which I impute to some offence of mine;
 For he can think no thought but what is brave,
 No, I some great offence committed have,
 But what, is wholly to my soul unknown,
 If I might know it, I my crime wou'd own.

Tit. To what do these unkind expressions tend?
 You make me think indeed you can offend,
 Since you to these suspicions can be wrought.

Ber. I do not, Sir, accuse you of a fault;
Cesar can erre in nothing he can do,
 So great a glory never was my due,
 Much less when I have something done or said,
 Which all my right has justly forfeited.

Tit. Now truth assist me: — this unkind debate
 Argues not mine; but your own cruel hate;
 You sure encline to what you saign wou'd prove,
 And have a mind I shou'd no longer Love.
 This is too hard, too painfull to be borne,
 I swear (as I a thousand times have sworne)
 But that the day the sight of you does shew,
 I care not if the Sun wou'd shine or no;
 That all the joy that does by Life accrue,
 Is but to Love, and be belov'd by you.

Ber. My Lords displeasure I too justly bear,
 That I to doubt his constancy shou'd dare;
 But he may pardon me, when he does know
 All my suspicions from my kindness flow.
 I trouble have on *Cesar's* brow espy'd,
 And he his thoughts and person too does hide.
 My tender heart with sorrow pines away,
 If I behold my Lord but once a day:
 And I much less can his retir'dness bear,
 And not his grief, as well as kindness share.

Tit. Oh! how with Love she overwhelms my heart!
 After such Love I never can impart

A secret, that to you may trouble prove;
To me be all the grief, to you the Love.
Oh Rome! oh glory! oh renown! which way
Will you the loss of so much Love repay?

Ex.

Ber. Again in secret sorrow from me part!
Oh my distraction! oh my tortur'd heart!
What can the sense of these disorders be?

Sem. I must confess they are too dark for me.

Ber. Fate to our mutual Love no good designs,
Whatever he pretends, his heart declines:
Love treats not thus the person that's belov'd,
Common compassion wou'd have kinder prov'd.

Sem. My counsel can afford but small relief,
But do not too much listen to your grief.

An alarm; Enter a Centurion followed by Romans.

Sem. Souldier, the news.

Cent. The *Parthian* King is here,
That name's enough to shew what danger's near:
I cannot talk, there's bus'ness to be done.

Ex.

Ber. My Lord in danger!

Sem. Whither do you run?

Ber. To dye with him.

Sem. Oh fear not! Heav'n will save,
Were all his Legions slain, a man so brave.

An alarm; the Centurion returns with Monobasus.

Ber. Centurion, the success relate with speed.

Cent. My Lord is from the *Parthian* Monarch freed
By this brave Stranger's aid, who to defend
His glorious Enemy, oppos'd his Friend.

Ber. Prince! my resentments I want words to tell,
This deed does all past services excell:
Sure you have some command from my good Fate,
My Friends and me with diligence to wait.
All your deserts I will to *Cesar* own,
And for reward procure some vacant Crown,
If I have int'rest still; but I'm afraid
I rather need an Intercessor's aid.

Ex.

Mon.

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 27

Mon. Oh Heav'n's! what pleasing sweetness does she wait,
Intirely lost to my disorder'd taste?
I little pleasure in that kindness take,
Which she bestows but for another's sake.
Now heart but hold till I my passions speak,
And then with sorrow and confusion break.

Ex.

Scene a Street.

Enter Mathias, and Guard, pursued by John, Eleazar, and the Pharisees; John in his Pontifical Vestments.

Job. Seize 'em alive! prophane and wicked men!
Now Heav'n to justice brings you once agen;
And vengeance surely long enough has staid:
Behold the desolations you have made,
Look in the Streets, and see each corner fill'd,
With carkasses of Saints your sins have kill'd;
Listen to ev'ry house, and hear the groans
Of many starving, dying Holy ones,
Who cry not, oh the Famine! oh the Pest!
But oh th' Apostates! oh the Romish Priest!
For your Idolatries in Plagues we lye;
Yet for these sins (no doubt) you grutch to dye.
Yet you the Romans can with rage pursue;
Alas! not Romans ruine us, but you.
They'r but your Instrumens; your guilt affords
Force to their Arms, and edges to their Swords.
Had you good nature, you wou'd wish to dye,
To free the Nation from the misery;
Not of the Plague, the Famine, or the Foes,
But of your impious selves, our greatest woes.

Phar.
} seize
Mat. &c

Mat. Cou'd height of impious boldness Saintship give,
Thou surely wert the greatest Saint alive;
Of that vile kind of Saints thy followers are,
Thou sure art excellent without compare:
For thou hast taken all degrees in sin;
Didst first in little villanies begin,
With whisp'ring murmurings, dissemblings, lies,
So didst to Murder and to Treason rise;

And now at length the crawling Snake is grown
A Royal Basilisk, and has a Crown.

Horrid! when we are plagu'd such various ways,
Is it a season to be acting Plays?

Here in a house of horror, death and woe,

To mock Religion with Theatrick shew?

And must you too the holiest things abuse?

For sport no subject but Religion chuse?

1 *Pha.* Sport dost thou call it? thou wilt find, I fear,
The Saints are all in serious earnest here.

2 *Pha.* And mean to stone thee; if that be a jest,
Of such a fatal pleasure make thy best.

Joh. No — wicked man! we act this weighty part
With all the saddest, deepest thoughts of heart.

I know I walk upon the brink of Laws,

Near both to sin, and to perdition's jaws;

And had not I a strong impulse within,

And mighty call without, that I shou'd sin,

My angry conscience wou'd my soul condemn

In wearing of this Holy Diadem.

1 *Pha.* But you are sav'd from all these pious fears.

Joh. I am anointed by the Brethren's tears;

Call'd by the groaning of the suffering Cause,

And voice of providence more loud than Laws.

By strong impulses knocking ev'ry hour,

I cou'd not rest till I assum'd the Power;

Where e're I went, methoughts a voice wou'd cry,

John! — *John!* — take up the fallen dignity:

That if there any usurpation be,

The Priesthood's guilty of usurping me.

I sought not Pow'r, but Pow'r did me invade:

But thou (vile man!) shou'dst not the Saints upbraid;

Our dangers thou shou'dst rather weep to see,

Expos'd to things so scandalous by thee.

Mat. Was ever heard of impudence like this!

Elea. Hale him to Judgment.

Mat. To eternal blis;

To an abode which blest enough wou'd be,

From men so impious only to be free.

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 29

Enter a Pharisee running.

3 *Pha.* Be gone ! be gone ! the Pagan King is nigh,
Return'd out of the Field with Victory.

Job. Curse on that Infidel, the Priest he'l save.

Elee. Why shou'd a Heathen such successes have ?

*Enter Phraartes and Guard, who beat John, &c. off the
Stage ; Mathias pursues. After an alarm
Phra. and Mat. return.*

Phr. Why Father do you thus expose your age
To Rebels treachery, and *Roman* rage ?
Can your Gray-hairs by you forgotten be ?
Or does it shame you to be sav'd by me ?

Mat. It does, that you should bleed for us each day,
Who, Sir, for you can nothing do, but pray.

Phr. Good man ! I am rewarded far above
All I can merit, in your Daughters Love.

Mat. Ex.

Several with baskets of provision.

There I have brought rich plunder for the Crowd,
Not to supply their treasures, but their blood :
To their repast the hungry rabble call,
Go scatter life, throw souls among 'em all.

Ex. with provisions. A shout. Phra. Ex.

Scene a Chamber.

*Enter Clarona weeping, a Book in her hand,
sets her self in a Chair.*

Clar. Oh my devotion ! I shall let thee go,
For deadly, deadly sick with Love I grow :
No sight of him but does my strength decay,
And yet I cannot keep my eyes away.
To these clear Springs of life no more I go,
Cause they my souls decaying beauty shew.

*{ looks on
the Book.*

Enter

Enter Phraartes, who starts to see her weeping.

Phr. In tears! what villany has fortune done
To my best Soul, whilst I to Arms was gone?
What have I spy'd? — now I the cause divine,
I see a Book, that is no friend o' mine.
And does that trash still please your sickly mind?
Love has not wrought a thorough cure I find.

Clar. You with Religion still will be severe;
You wou'd think much shou'd I as harsh appear
To your friend Love.

Phr. Wou'd it not pity breed,
To see thee climbing Mountains for a Weed?
Chain'd like *Prometheus* rather to the brow
Of barren Rocks, for ever clad in Snow,
And there Religion gnawing of thee still;
Who wou'd not the devouring Vulture kill?

Clar. How poor *Cimmerians* to the Sun unknown,
Think ev'ry Land all darkness, like their own.

Phr. How wretched Lands with Fables overflown,
From Mountains of the Moon, and Springs unknown,
With Mud of falshood rank their fertile Earth,
Give nothing-else but Priests and Prophets birth.

Clar. When men by miracles the truth display,
We may believe what miracles will say.

Phr. Workers of miracles I least believe;
Men love By-ways who have design to thieve.

Clar. But it some Faith in us may justly breed,
When what they do, does Natures pow'r exceed.

Phr. Nature's an Ocean endlessly profound,
Where Line cou'd never yet discover ground:
We only see what on the surface swim,
And what we often see, we ne're esteem.
If one by chance a Monster brings to shore,
The Monster we admire, the Fisher more.

Clar. Supposing secret skill such feats cou'd shew,
Can men by any Art events foreknow?
What eye can have a prospect of events,
Through a long Wood of various accidents?

Chance

Part II. of JERUSALEM.

31

Chance can no more shew what will come to pass,
Then things remote a broken Optick glass.
Yet have our Sacred Prophets often here
Drawn Maps of future things so plain and clear,
That after-ages have unsoil'd, untorn,
Found their own Pictures drawn e're they were born.
None cou'd display 'em but the Heav'nly mind,
Where all th' Idea's are at first design'd.

Phr. None knows how much may by the Stars be guess,
Or on th' imagination be impress.
But you ne're find in draughts so much ador'd,
More then dead colours daub'd, and features scor'd,
Which with some small addition may with ease
Be drawn to what resemblances you please.

Clar. Have you of life to come no hope or fear?

Phr. Why more of that, then the Platonick year?
I'll never toyl after a state unknown.

Clar. But you shou'd search for fear there shou'd be one:
Prudence all ills that may be does prevent.

Phr. Then prudence will not lose firm Continent,
To rove the Seas in an imprudent chace
Of floating Isles, and some Inchant'd place.

Clar. But such a place is worthy to be sought,
And were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant thought.

Phr. It may like Poetry the mind employ,
In idle intervals of active joy;
But I'll not all my life a dreaming lye,
Whilst solid pleasures run neglected by:
Whilst to uncertain cares my thoughts I give,
Lose what I'm sure of, and forget to live.

Clar. Where do you think you after death shall dwell?

Phr. 'Mong a rude heap of things; where none can tell
I had my self at no request of mine,
And I'll as gen'rously my being resign.
How I came ~~hence~~ it ne're disturbs my head,
Nor what I shall be when I once am dead.

Clar. Then your brave self must you for ever lose?

Phr. I wou'd not a new Lease of life refuse,
Con'd I the deed obtain by any Art.

Clar. Oh Heav'ns! methinks you shou'd not seek to part,
Were

Were it from me alone, so soon as death,
And leave me wandering on wild Natures Heath,
When we from these poor Cottages are thrown,
Having no dwellings, and desiring none.

Phr. For a new life I on high Rent wou'd stand,
But I'll mean while enjoy my present Land;
I will improve it till I've tir'd the clods,
Then for new Acres I wou'd thank the Gods:
But let us this fantastick talk give o're,
These Fairy thoughts shall pinch thy soul no more;
Let us not think of Lands remote, unknown,
But eat the Fruits and Spices of our own.

Enter Phedra.

Phed. *Parthian* Commanders wait without to bring
Tidings of great concernment to their King. *I x. Phra.*

Clar. That Heav'n such cost on a brave mind shou'd lay,
On no design but to be cast away.

SONG.

Come pious Mourner, pray no more,
But let the Gods alone;
You favours endlessly implore,
But will be granting none:
Can you expect from any King
To gain what'e're you crave,
Who dare when you your offerings bring
Torment and wound his Slave?
You ask of Heav'n Eternal Crowns,
As your devotions due,
And yet can wound me with your frowns,
For asking smiles of you.

Asunder let's no longer stray,
But both devotions joyn;
Let us when dead be sav'd your way,
But whilst we live in mine.

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 33

*If e're I to a soul am pin'd,
I gain the thing I sought;
I'll be content to be all mind,
To act it o're in thought.
Admit me to the place of bliss,
To Love's divine abodes,
And we will laugh at Paradise,
And not be Saints, but Gods.*

Enter Phraartes, with some Parthian Commanders.

Phr. Brave men! for the most glorious news you bring,
Challenge the love and friendship of your King.
My drooping Fate is now reviv'd again; (to *Clar.*
My Crown's restor'd, and the Usurper slain:
My people weary of the Villain grown,
Of him, and *Roman* pride have cleans'd my Throne.
My conqu'ring Army near the Town is come,
And wait to guard me hence in triumph home.
These gallant men who have the tidings brought,
At the last Storm to Town their passage fought.
Now I'm in sight of Love's fair promis'd Land,
I see the shining of the Golden Sand.

Clar. I never shall be able to deny; (aside.
That I cou'd save my innocence and dye.

Phr. She falls! she vanquish'd falls into my arms!
To conqu'ring Love resigning all her charms.
Can any happiness compare with mine?
'Tis wretched sure to be a Pow'r Divine,
And not the joys of happy Lovers know.
Wou'dst thou (my dearest!) be an Angel now?
Oh how the moments sweetly slide away!
But yet I must be wretched for a day.

Who waits? — did you not say my Troops had none
Whose guidance they might safely trust to Town?

Parth. No *Jewish* Guides cou'd any where be found,
The *Romans* Troops spread ninety furlongs round.

Phr. I'll Salley out to day, and be their Guide;
I dare in no man but my self confide.

These Troops of mighty consequence are grown,
 My Fortunes all depend on them alone.
 But oh! that I cou'd build a Tow'r of Brass,
 Through which the force of Thunder cou'd not pass,
 My Love from danger safely to inclose;
 For I am fearfull of each wind that blows,
 Lest it shou'd breath too rudely on my dear;
 Then how much more shall I in absence fear
 The cruel Enemy? — I dare not go.

Clar. Obliging kindness in your stay you shew:
 But if misfortune shou'd befall your men,
 Both wou'd in danger be of ruine then.

Phr. And has my dangers in thy thoughts a part?
 Who can expresse the pleasures of my heart?
 The only place of strength within our pow'r
 Remaining now, is Queen *Marianne's* Tow'r;
 Shall I entrust thee there till my return?

Clar. There for your absence I will sadly mourn.

Phr. Then will you think on me?

Clar. I will indeed.

Phr. And will you with me back again with speed?

Clar. For swift return and Victory I'll pray.

Phr. How shall I do to force my self away?

Do not look on me, lest I never go;
 This is the hardest work Love has to do.
 Come, to the Tow'r that must my Love receive,
 And there I'll take a momentary leave;
 Then like the Monarch o' the Winds, I'll go
 And loose my stormy Squadrons on the Foe.
 And when the mighty Vapour's spent and done,
 The wasting *Roman* inundation gone,
 And not a Cloud in all the Heav'ns we see,
 I'll come a hot and pleasant Calm to thee.

Ex.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Roman Tents.*

Enter Titus, Malchus, Antiochus, Tiberius.

Tib. **N**OW Sir, one more Assault, and we conclude
The torments of the starving multitude,
We to our Squadrons portions divide,
Which like wild Horses to its members ty'd,
Did rend it limb from limb, and left alone
A torn dismembred carcase of a Town.

Mal. I did the Temple storm, the place to save
From its own Guard, as *Cæsar* orders gave;
And the vile Slaves to burn my Troops and me,
Gave fire to th'entrance of their Sanctuary,
And in a moment levell'd with the ground
Solomon's Porch, and all the Buildings round.

Ant. The Town must bow to you within a day,
For Famine sweeps its dirty crowds away;
They who maintain it are not men, but bones,
Shadows of men, and walking Skeletons.
Their looks scare death it self, nor do they need
To fly from wounds, they have no blood to bleed.
Their flesh if mangled, like chopt Earth appears,
Or cloven Trees torn with the wind and years.

Mal. My civil Fate did better treats afford,
And with fat juicy Villains fed my Sword;
That I had no great reason for complaints,
I had a noble banquet of cramm'd Saints.

Tit. To all the Heav'nly Pow'rs I dare appeal,
If I'm in fault for what these wretches feel.

Tib. Except by mercy lengthning that disease,
Which stubborn cruelty with speed wou'd ease.

An alarm ; Enter an Officer.

Tit. The news!

Offic. The Guardian Angel of the Town,
The *Parthian King*, is from its succour flown :
He broke from thence, like Thunder from a Cloud,
And tore down all that in his passage stood.
Thence with his followers o're the Mountains fled,
And all the way with slaughter'd *Romans* spread.

Ant. Then the proud City's dying pangs are past ;
Her mighty Ghost is yielded up at last.

Mal. The very Soul of all their Souls is fled.

Tib. Better their Walls had vanish'd in his stead,
Pursue him ———

Tit. No, since for his life he flies,
Let him enjoy what with disgrace he buys.
Now I'll release the wretches from the rack ;
Prepare my Legions for a new attack :
Their Temple save, unless the Slaves appear
Too obstinate, and it shall cost too dear.

Mal. I am prepar'd : — but e're the Fight begin, *(aside.*
I must go gaze on the fair *Jewish Queen*.
I know I must not hope, but I may dare
To peep in Heav'n, though I must ne're come there. *Ex.*

Ant. I must to the fair Queen before I go, *(aside.*
My thirsty Soul does more intemperate grow :
That hot Elixir I must hourly taste,
Which I'm assur'd will burn me at the last. *Ex.*

Tit. Now Friend, the hour draws near when wretched I,
The torments of departing Love must try,
And with one stab that fatal wound must give,
Of which I shall be groaning whilst I live.

Tib. Oh ! does your mighty resolution yield !
I thought you had entirely gain'd the Field.

Tit. Dost think I from my breast so soon can tear
A Love which has so long been growing there ?
Throw all that heap of riches out of door
I hardly got, and in a trice be poor ?

Part II. of JERUSALEM. 37

Three years I lov'd and fought, on no design
But at the last to make this Treasure mine:
I have spoil'd half the world but to be seen
Attir'd in Glories, pleasing to the Queen.
Nay I who shun her Love to gain a Throne,
Desir'd the Empire for her sake alone.
And now I have obtain'd my wish'd success,
And I'm in reach of supreme happiness,
Shall I at last my self and her deceive,
And what I sought for, what I slighted leave?

Tib. Oh! do these thoughts your Soul once more invade?
All this before you in the ballance weigh'd;
With an impartial finger pois'd the Scale,
And left out nothing might for Love prevail:
But still the *Roman* Laws, your own Renown
And Glory, weigh'd the other ballance down.
And now —

Tit. Her Love to all things I prefer,
What is Renown or Empire without her?

Tib. Grant, Sir, all charms that in her Sex are seen,
Are lodg'd in her, but still she is a Queen.
A *Roman* courage her great heart contains,
But there's no *Roman* blood within her veins.
And not our Tyrants yet so bold have been,
To marry with a Stranger, and a Queen.
This hate to Crowns is all that *Rome* in chains,
Still of her ancient Liberty retains.
Nay *Roman* Monsters, whose supreme delight
Was against Reason, Laws, and Gods to fight;
Who *Rome* and Nature in confusion hurl'd,
And walk'd Antipodes to all the world;
Yet they who durst both burn and plunder *Rome*,
Once to invade this Law durst ne're presume.
And Sir, shall you the worlds delight do more
Against our Laws then Monsters did before?

Tit. All this too well I know, but must I lose
My freedom e're I am at *Rome's* dispose?
It will be time enough these thoughts to have,
When I am chosen her Imperial Slave:

Till then my heart and person both are free,
And I am Master of my destiny!

Tib. Ah Sir! against this fatal passion strive,
And do not *Rome* of your brave self deprive:
Shall she lose all the Glory of your Reign,
Only to ease a Love-sick Ladies pain?
For Sir, were you a God and should presume
To 'spouse a Queen, you must not govern *Rome*.
Her Rank is by your Army too abhor'd,
Who hate to see a Queen command their Lord:
Their hourly discontents I scarce can quell,
They out of Loyalty would fain Rebel:
Nay they have all resolv'd the very hour
The Town is won, to chuse you Emperour;
But lest the Queen should in your Glory share,
They firmly have decreed to banish her.

And the brave Rebels I declare I'll lead;
If you will guard your passion, take my head, *Kneels, and*
For I will ne'er endure the greatest Throne, *flings his Sword*
And bravest man, should be by Love undone. *at Titus feet.*

Tit. Oh rise! thou truly *Roman* spirit, rise! *(raises him.)*
I have resolv'd on this great Sacrifice,
But do not know which way I shall begin;
I cannot speak to the unhappy Queen.

Tib. Release your spirit from that trifling care,
I'll to the Queen th' unpleasing message bear;
And as the Patient's sight an Artist hides,
When from the Body he a Limb divides,
That Nature may not doubly be oppress'd,
Then with a curious hand performs the rest;
So I the fatal deed will gently do,
And not torment you with an Interview:
And will so mollifie the parting pain,
That injur'd Love but little shall complain. *(offers to go)*

Tit. Oh! stay *Tiberius*! make not so much speed,
I know not if I shall survive the deed;
With haste I boldly rush on a design,
Which may at once destroy her life and mine.
But yet what must be suffer'd we in vain
Delay some moments, and prolong our pain.

Go then, the sad and killing tidings bear,
Excuse my crime, and all my grief declare;
Implore her my retirement to forgive,
Tell her I cannot see her, go, — and live!
And if to reign in my ungratefull breast,
Her rigorous Fate can sweeten in the least,
Tell her that I deserted and alone,
Even an Imperial exile in my Throne,
To my own self more hatefull then to her,
The name of Lover to my Tomb will bear;
That all my life will be in sorrow spent,
And all my Reign a glorious banishment. *Ex.*

The Scene changes to the Queens Tent.

Enter Berenice and Monobasus.

Ber. How Sir! have I under the name of Friend
These many months a Lover entertain'd?

Mon. Let it not, Madam, your displeasure move,
That I presume t' inform you of my Love:
Till now in humble duty I suppress
The tort'ring secret, till it burnt my breast.
My bosom better cou'd have fire retain'd,
It wou'd have less my scorching vitals pain'd.

Ber. Suppose your passion great as you express,
What did encourage you to this address?
Durst you once hope you entertain'd should be,
Or find the least encouragement from me?

Mon. My passion never yet so bold has been;
It were less vain to ask the Gods to sin.
Yet were it possible for you to erre,
Torments and death I wou'd much rather bear,
Then you one moment should unhappy be,
And place your heart on one so low as me.

Ber. Good Heav'n! then what design cou'd you propose?
Did you this secret for no end disclose?

Mon. To ease my soul was all I did design.

Ber. Wou'd it had been in any breast but mine.

Now

Now I not only must ungratefull seem,
 But all past services must crimes esteem;
 Against my nature my just debts disown,
 Nay I must punish you for what y've done.
 And oh! good Heav'n! what starts into my thought! (*aside*.
 I've found what has this change in *Titus* wrought;
 I've been too lavish in this Strangers praise,
 That, that did this disorder in him raise,
 Sir, you have ruin'd me, have friendship shewn,
 To make my fate as wretched as your own:
 To save my life you have your Sword employ'd,
 And all the comforts of that life destroy'd.
 Oblige me this once more for goodness sake,
 Your self with speed out of my presence take.

Mon. What means this storm so sudden and severe? (*aside*.
 My cruel Fate pursues me every where.
 My name can like a Charm, uncalm the Sea,
 Where e're I wander, there no peace can be.

Ber. Will you not please to answer my desire?

Mon. But one word more, and Madam I retire.

Enter Semandra.

Sem. Madam, the King ———

Ber. No Visitants admit,
 I'm for all Conversation now unfit.

Enter Malchus, followed by Antiochus.

Ant. Ha! *Malchus* here!

Mal. *Antiochus* so nigh!

Ant. Ha! Prince *Monobasus* do I espy?

Mal. What does the Queen that Traytor entertain,
 By whom her Brother was so lately slain?

Mon. Oh hatefull sight! does fortune hither bring
 My mortal Enemy th' *Arabian* King?

Ber. They gaze as if they both this Stranger knew.

Mal. Now my revenge the Rebel shall pursue,
 Whose fortune oft has put me in distress;
 Besides I'm jealous here of his success.

And

And dares he, Madam, in your sight appear ?

Ber. Oh Sir ! his quality I fain would hear,
For till this hour his name I never knew.

Mal. Prince *Monobasus*, who your Brother slew,
Dispers'd my Troops, and wounded me in Fight,
Cause I maintain'd his injur'd Brother's right.

Ant. What need this great officiousness be shewn ?

Mal. You are his Friend.

Ant. I do the title own.

Mal. You did not once this mighty friendship shew.

Ant. But I love Valour in a Friend or Foe.

Mon. Do not for me, Sir, discompose your mind,
I only from the King prevention find :
The guilt he makes with so much passion known,
I now was humbly on my knee to own.

Ber. Oh Heav'ns ! and does there stand before my view
My Brothers murderer !

Mon. It is too true ———
Your Brother I unfortunately kill'd.

Ant. You did, but it was fairly in the Field.

Ber. Did this ill Spirit me all this while pursue,
And did I entertain his service too ?
Now I perceive he hither did retreat,
By subtle ways his mischiefs to compleat ;
On all my Brothers Race to wreak his spight.
Wherein could he offend to such a height,
That even his life was a revenge too small,
But I amongst your Enemies must fall ?

Mon. All names most black and odious are my due,
Excepting that of Enemy to you.

Ber. Cease your feign'd Love, for I your life will have ;
Mine but for ends of malice you did save,
And so am unoblig'd ; yours all the pleas
Of Justice craves ; Guards, on the murd'rer seize.

Ant. Ah Madam !

Mon. Do not, Sir, a hindrance be,
The Queen will both oblige her self and me.

Ber. Yes, you shall dye. ——— But why do I presume
On lives of others here to pass a doom,

When in few hours perhaps it will be shewn,
 I have not power to assure my own?
 And see, — *Tiberius* from my Lord is sent,
 I am assur'd he brings me some complaint:
 What it should be, I cannot, dare not guess;
 If he be jealous, that does Love express.
 But that slight grief were easie to disarm;
 No, something else does his great Soul alarm:
 What e're it is, vain fear I will repell;
 I'm sure from *Titus* I've deserv'd so well,
 That I my innocence may boldly trust,
 For if he be unkind, he is unjust.

Enter Tib.

Tiberius, quickly thy ill news impart,
 What does sit heavy on thy Prince's heart?
 I know the news is bad I am to hear,
 Cause thou art chosen for the messenger.

Tib. Ah Madam! —

Ber. Nay I am not now to learn,
 How thou hast made my ruine thy concern;
 Hast tamper'd with thy Prince's heart, and strove
 To sow dissensions, and to blast our Love.
 But I forgive thee, since I have thereby
 The pleasure had his constancy to try.

Tib. Madam, what e're I in my life have done,
 I am too much a *Roman* to disown;
 That *Cesar's* Glory I with care have sought,
 Can never by his Friends be judg'd a fault.
 But since my Lord did so unhappy prove,
 To have his Glory contradict his Love,
 That I took part with Glory is most true,
 But, Madam, never out of hate to you.
 The *Roman* Laws were made e're I was born,
 Nor bear I to your Rank a Native scorn;
 I wish *Rome* paid Crown'd Heads the honour due,
 At least from all her Laws exempted you.
 But since she'll not reform at my request,
 Of her proud humour let us make the best.
 Then Madam know, my Lord at last o'recome
 By me, by all the Army, Senate, *Rome*,

Knowing

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Knowing how much your Rank incurs their hate,
And fearing to involve you in a state
That to you both unfortunate would prove;
Exceeding tender of your gen'rous Love,
And of the happiness of one so dear;
Assur'd your courage the great shock will bear,
Sends to inform you 'tis the will of Fate,
You two for ever now must separate.

Ber. For ever sep'rate! what does he intend?
Will he to *Berenice* this message send?

Ant. Oh Heav'ns!

Mal. Amazement!

Tib. Madam, 'tis too true!

But to his noble Love I le justice do;
All kinds of passions in his Soul arise,
He weeps, laments, adores, and almost dies:
But to what end? his many griefs are vain,
Rome in her Throne no Queen will entertain.
You two must part, and after this one day,
He begs no longer in the Camp you'll stay.

Ber. Alas! *Semandra* —

(half weeping.

Sem. What I long did fear!

Madam, this sad assault with courage bear;
Raise all that's great in you to your defence,
You'll need it in this mighty exigence.

Mon. Oh Gods! have I this fatal difference made?

Ant. All this is falshood, and the Queen's betray'd.

Mal. Now some small pleasure in despair I take. (aside.

Ber. And can *Vespasian Berenice* forsake?
Are these his oaths and vows?

Ant. It cannot be;

Tiberius, the Queen is wrong'd by thee.

Tib. She is not, Sir.

Ant. She is; and wert thou where,
I durst presume thy falshood should appear.

Mal. Did I think that, your labour I wou'd save.

Tib. Kings, when you please you shall occasion have.

Mon. Ah Sir! I beg let your contention cease; (to *Ant.*
To me the injur'd Queens revenge release.

If, Madam, a poor Malefactor may,
After his Sentence be allow'd to pray,
I beg the glorious office on my knees,
And after doom me to what death you please.

Per. How! do you think my Honour I le refer
For Justice to my Brother's murderer?
To his great Ghost too much offence I give,
Since by your aid I am content to live.
To too much guilt already I'm betray'd;
Your life shou'd now be offer'd to his shade:
But lest if I your guilty bloud should spill,
The world should think I pay my debts but ill,
All your past deeds I with your life requite,
But never more appear within my sight.

Mon. Then to the Town I will my self convey,
Sorrow shou'd in the shades of sorrow stay:
The Gods have there all kinds of deaths in store,
Shortly I shall afflict the world no more.

Ex.

Per. For you who these great mysteries reveal, (*to Tib.*)
I from your message to your Lord appeal;
Against his faith I nothing will believe,
Till I this sentence from his mouth receive:
And if it proves not as thy self hast said,
Tiberius, know I will demand thy head.

Tib. Agreed! — mean while I will my Lord prepare
For your approach, and straight attend you there.

Ex.

She offers to go, and is stay'd by Sem.

Sem. Hold, Madam, will y' in this disorder go?
Some little pains upon your self bestow;
Stay till your Beauty has regain'd its grace,
Your Hair and Vail let me in order place.

Per. No, no, *Semandra*, let thy Queen alone,
Titus shall quickly see what he has done;
The aid of these poor trifles I despise:
If my too constant heart, my weeping eyes,
My grief! — my grief! — my death no pity gain!
What can these slighted ornaments obtain?

(*goes out weeping.*)

Mad.

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Mal. The Queens resentment adds to my despair. *Ex.*

Ant. I'll bury all my troubled thoughts in War. *Ex.*

Scene Titus his Tent.

Enter Titus and Tiberius.

Tit. Great Gods! how I this hastning combate fear?
My guilty Soul wants courage to appear.
Her absence once I not an hour could bear,
Now for her fight with terrour I prepare.

Tib. Sir, place strong Guards about your heart one hour;
This storm repuls'd, you are a Conquerour.

Tit. Poor Vict'ry injur'd beauty to subdue!
What more could an untam'd Barbarian do? } *Sees her*
She comes! Great *Genii* of me and *Rome*, } *coming.*
Help me in this one Field to overcome;
If you regard the honour of the Throne,
Trust not my Glory with my self alone.

Ber. So Sir, and is your fainting passion tir'd?
Have you at length my parting hence desir'd?

Tit. Ah Madam! do not a poor Prince oppress;
The Gods who gave me all the happiness
Of your past Loves, think I too blest have been,
And now to moderate my joys begin.
Glory they in the room of Love bestow,
By splendid steps to ruine I must go:
Be doom'd to Empire, to a Throne confin'd;
Have pow'r, but lose the freedom of my mind:
Great as a God, as solitary too;
Ador'd, but banish'd from the sight of you:
For, Madam, I with sorrow must declare,
We for eternal parting must prepare.

Ber. Oh cruel man! do you these words express
Now you have rais'd my Love to such excess?
Did I for this permit my eyes each day,
On you to gaze my liberty away?
Advance my flame to an immoderate height,
Hating all bounds in what I took delight?

Stifle all thoughts that with your int'rest strove,
And even exchange my very soul for Love?
And will you now unjust to me become,
For a poor servile flattery of *Rome*?

Tit. Glory's unjust, which never can repay
With all it gives, the half it takes away.

Ber. Is this a time the secret to impart?
Why all this while have you not warn'd my heart?
Can you deny that your own Laws you knew?
Nay did not often I object 'em too?
And in Loves pleasing way with caution tread,
Fearing it to some precipice would lead.
But you with oaths entic'd me to Love on;
I Lov'd, and Lov'd, till all my heart was gon.
Why nam'd you not the haughty Laws of *Rome*,
When I might have return'd unwounded home?
And been contented in as high degree
To part with you, as you do now from me.

Tit. Oh! do not make my charge too weighty grow!
I under too much guilt already bow.
Part with content! the Gods can tell what stings,
What tort'ring pangs this parting moment brings.
The other crime I must with shame confess,
And I have no excuse but Loves excess;
I did not soon enough these thoughts produce,
My self I then took pleasure to seduce:
My dazled eyes were blinded with delight,
And Pow'r and Empire were not then in sight.
I all those cares did from my breast remove,
And would hear nothing but the charms of Love.

Ber. False man! that Pow'r and Empire which you name,
You swore you sought but to protect your flame:
And now your Stars have flatter'd you, must I
For the reward of all my kindness die?
Oh *Titus*! *Titus*! — think what 'tis you do —
Must *Berenice* be slain, and slain by you?

Tit. 'Tis true, the guilt I'll to my self assume,
And not accuse the Army, Senate, *Rome*.
It is my Glory governs me alone,
Else I by Arms could place you in the Throne.

I know what injury my self I do,
 And that I cannot live exil'd from you :
 But let me dye, 'tis Glory I decree,
 I'll live in an immortal memory ;
 Succeeding ages shall my virtues own,
 Adore my ashes, and my Statues crown,
 Whilst to the world I've an example set,
 No Stoick shall attempt to imitate.

Ber. Oh unkind Prince! your desir'd Fame enjoy!
 To gain it too, inglorious ways employ :
 Leave a renown'd example when you dye,
 But leave another of inconstancy.
 I'll strive no more, I did but stay to hear
 (What did to me impossible appear)
 The mouth which swore me Love this sentence speak,
 And all past oaths in my own presence break.
 Nay infidelity with pride proclaim,
 And boast on falshood to erect a Fame ;
 That immortality shall thence begin,
 Great deed to ruine an unhappy Queen.
 When I am dead, the praise of it assume,
 Let your crown'd Statues triumph o're my Tomb ;
 The conquest must immortal Glory gain,
 A Queen for loving you, by falshood slain.

Tit. Oh ! how you tear me !

Ber. Yes, I may believe
 You much for her whom you have ruin'd grieve.
 Oh wretched me ! — why shou'd the best of men,
 Whose noble nature does the friendship gain, *{ flings her*
 Of his worst Enemies, — Heav'n not so mild, *{ self down*
 Who the delight of all the world is stil'd, *{ in a Chair.*
 Of cruelty and falshood make his boast,
 Practis'd to wretched me, who Love him most ?
 This, Heav'n ! is just from thee ; I for his Love,
 To my Religion did unfaithfull prove,
 Contemn thy Laws, and for his sake dismiss
 All hope or right in future Paradise :
 And he in fear of Laws, his Faith denies,
 And from my Love to future Glory flies ;

Only when dead an empty Fame to raise,
To live in Brass, and breath in airy praise.

Tit. You break my heart.

Ber. Farewell, oh cruel Prince!

What you have done, few moments shall evince.
I will not croud your way to Glory long,
Nor will I crave Heav'n's vengeance for my wrong.
I wou'd not have him arm in my relief;
Heav'n cou'd I help it shou'd not see my grief:
No, I le seek vengeance from another place;
I know your Soul, though cruel, cannot chace
Out of your troubled thoughts with so much ease,
My present grief, and all past kindnesses;
But when my bloud you on the floor shall see,
Each drop a Dagger to your heart shall be.

Ex.

Tit. Oh! let me follow her, she's gone to dye.

Tib. That does not need; her Women, Sir, are nigh,
And they will turn those thoughts out of her breast.

Tit. I'm a Barbarian, I my self detest;
Nero in cruelty I have outdone.

Tib. Dismiss your sorrow, Sir, the day's your own:
Pore not on wounds which at the present bleed,
But think of Glories which shall soon succeed.

Tit. Curst be the Fate such Victories bestows;
Why shou'd proud *Rome* be suffer'd to impose
On Princes such ungratefull things as these?
She shall not part, let *Rome* say what she please.

Tib. Oh Sir! —

Tit. Ye Gods! I know not what I say!

Tib. Come Sir, pursue the Triumphs of the day:
Spur on your swift success, this rebel Town
Subdu'd, and then you perfect your Renown.

Tit. Talk not to me of fond Renown, the rude
Inconstant blast of the base multitude:
Their breaths, nor Souls can satisfaction make,
For half the joys I part with for their sake.
I'll not so dear for sordid flatt'ry give;
Without Renown or Empire I can live,
But not without the Queen; she, only she,
Fame, Empire, Glory, all things is to me.

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Go and endeavour to appease her mind,
And say, my Love the spite of *Rome* shall find. *Ex.*

Tib. These are the strugglings of departing Love;
Th'ill Genius in a tempest does remove:
I'll let the storm consume it self, and then
He'll soon the mild *Vespasian* be again. *Ex.*

ACT V.

SCENE *The Palace.*

An Alarm; Enter Matthias, Phineas, Sagan.

Mat. **A**ll's lost! we are resign'd to Heathen rage.
Sag. Heav'n in our aid no longer does engage.

Phin. Have we a shadow twenty Ages chas'd?
Is all our Faith prov'd a vain Dream at last?

Mat. What shall we say? these things our Reason pose:
The more we think, the more our selves we lose.
Our thoughts we never can in order place;
They dance, like Atoms, in a boundless space.

Sag. Let's think no more, but make a swift retreat
To some strong place, where during the fierce heat
Of Rage and Slaughter, we may shelter take,
And for our selves at least Conditions make.

Phin. This Tower where your Daughter keeps, is strong,
And may, with some Provisions, hold out long.

Mat. Life now is much the least of all my cares;
But of Heav'n's bounty no good man despairs.

Clarona. ———

[*Clarona appears in the Balcony.*]

Clar. Ha! my Father's voice I hear!
'Tis he! Oh! this disperses all my fear. *Exit.*

Mat. Daughter! — she answers not! Oh! I begin
To tremble! all I fear's not well within! [*knock.*

H

Enter

Enter Clarona.

Clar. My Father here! I scarce can speak for joy!
I by degrees did all my Guards employ
To seek and aid you; but of all I sent,
Not one return'd; that all my patience spent,
Of Guards forsaken, looking ev'ry hour
For bloody Foes, and nothing in the Tow'r
But my poor trembling Women here, and I,
I was resolv'd to seek you out, and dye.

Enter Phedra, running.

Phed. Hast, Sir, the Rebels come; you'l be too late!
I saw 'em from the Tow'r; they're at the Gate!
They're come! I heard the Murd'ers call for you.

Mat. Pursu'd by *Romans*, and by Rebels too!
Base wretches! with what danger, guilt and pains,
They purchase Misery, Dishonour, Chains;
Total Destruction! It is fit we dye,
We fight and hinder them of Slavery.

Enter John, and Pharisees.

Job. Kill! kill! their Idol's gone: they can repair
No longer to their *Parthian* Lucifer.

John, Eleazar, &c. force four into the Tower. An Alarm.

Enter Matthias, Phineas, Sagan, Clarona, Phedra, pursu'd.
Phineas, Sagan, fall dead; Matthias wounded.

Mat. For this I thank thee; thou hast set me free
From having share in all that misery
Thy wickedness does on thy Country bring.

Job. No; the vile *Achan*, the accursed thing
That made us stink, and all our prayers prove
Offence to Heav'n, we from the Land remove.
Thou, wanton Idol, who our Land has stain'd
With Pagan Love, and all our Race prophan'd,

Shalt

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Shalt perish too.

(Wounds Clarona.

Elea. By thy allurements led,
That Savage Boar much bloud of Saints has shed.

[*An Alarm, and Shout.*]

Hark, an Alarm!

(*John and Elea. look out.*

Joh. The *Roman* Troops are near!

Elea. And *Parthian* Banners in the Streets appear!

Joh. I fear that cursed Dragon King is come!

He plagues us more then all the Pow'r of *Rome*.

Exeunt John, Eleazar, and Pharisees:

Mat. Oh, Daughter! do you bleed?

Clar. Too slow I do :

But, Sir, I hope to fall asleep with you.

Mat. The sight oppresses Nature ; but my mind,
Does from thy Piety true comfort find.

Our Temple, Nation, Glory, Faith are gone ;

And what wou'dst thou do in the world alone ?

When dead, we shall behold within the Scenes,

What this dark Riddle of our destruction means.

I try to sound this depth, but have not Line ;

Thick gloomy Mists encompass things Divine :

Poor human understandings they despise ;

Vainly proud man endeavours to be wise.

Come, Daughter, follow my Cœlestial part,

Haste to be more an Angel then thou art.

(*dies.*

Clar. The Light, the Splendor of our Nation's gone,
A brighter in our Firmament ne're shone.

In this one gallant man does slaughter'd lye

Truth, Wisdom, Valour, Learning, Piety.

This Tax, as Nature's Subject, I must pay,

(*weeps.*

The little time I in her Empire stay :

My wound, I hope, will liberty bestow ;

For if not mortal, grief will make it so.

How to the Tow'r shall I convey these dear
Sacred remains?

Phed. I see some Souldiers near,
Perhaps they may be of our Friends.

Clar. Go try ;

beg of 'em this last act of Charity.

{ *Ex. Phed. and re-enters*
with Souldiers.

H 2

My

My Father from my arms went up to Joy,
Now in his cold embraces I will dye.

Ex. led by Phed. and Souldiers, some carrying off Mat.

An Alarm; Enter Phraartes and Monobasus.

Mon. Whilst you *Clarona* search, I'll still alarm
The Foe, and keep our Souldiers courage warm.

Phr. Does thy rash youth at length its error see?
But few hours since, with foolish bravery
Thou wert thy Rival's Buckler, and didst prove
So kind, to save him to enjoy thy Love.
My tenderness to thee has ruin'd both:
But that thy Youth I pity'd, and was loth
So many blooming hopes at once to shed,
Thy Rival, and our troubles, had been dead.

Mon. I to attain the Queen did long despair,
So plac'd my happiness in serving her.

Phr. Never condemn thy self; he who will have
Fortune or Women love him, must be brave.
Women are apt to err: that beauteous She
Who thinks her self too good, or fair for me,
Shall be too fair for all the world beside,
And take up all her pleasure in her pride.
But throw away despair, for I am here;
Thy Queen is thine, thy happiness is near:
Thy Rival shall in Chains thy Nuptials grace,
And thou his Mistress in his Tent embrace.
Be gone; I'll follow. — When I parted hence, *Exit Mon.*
My Love I trusted to this Tow'r's defence.
Ha! the Gates open! — and no Guard within!
I fear this cursed Tow'r has faithless been:
If it has, let but any Air, or Sound
Offend her, I will burn it to the ground. *Exit*

*A Bed plac'd, a Lamp by it. Enter Clarona led by
Phedra. She lies down on the Bed.*

Clar. Death, I attend thy coming; for I now
Have finish'd all I have to do below.

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I hear a noise: the ecchoing Chambers ring
With sounds confus'd.

} *trampling*
within.

[*Phedra runs out, and returns.*]

Phed. Madam, it is the King.

Clar. And shall *Clarona* see him e're she dyes?
Is such a blessing granted to my eyes?

Enter Phraartes.

Phr. Silence, and darkness! all's not well, I fear; —
I shake! —

Clar. My Lord! —

Phr. Her Heav'nly voice I hear! —

Now to a gentle calm my passions fall,
That Divine Musick has appeas'd 'em all.
My Love! — to thy embraces let me hast;
That this to all Eternity might last.

(*embraces.*

But ha! thou sigh'st and weep'st! what dost thou aile?
Art thou not well? thy cheeks are cold and pale! —
Ease, ease my Soul, for I distracted grow! —
The cause of all this pompous sorrow shew!
Why is this Lamp, this Solitude, this Bed?
Speak, e're I fall in thy embraces dead.

Clar. Insatiable eyes, give o're, give o're;
One close and greedy look, and then no more.

Phr. What talk is this?

Clar. No longer to detain
Your wandering thoughts, see there my Father slain. —
And the same bloody weapon pierc'd my breast,
Which sent his Soul to everlasting rest.

Phr. Plagues! tortures! death on all by whom 'twas done!
And me, from your defence for being gone!
This has exceeded all that I cou'd fear. —
And see! — blood! — blood is sprinkled ev'ry where!
Where is the wound whose fatal Spring does feed
This Purple River! — run for help with speed! —
Millions of Gold to any one for aid! —
Confusion! — why is not my will obey'd?

Clar.

My Father from my arms went up to Joy,
Now in his cold embraces I will dye.

Ex. led by Phed. and Souldiers, some carrying off Mat.

An Alarm; Enter Phraartes and Monobasus.

Mon. Whilst you *Clarona* search, I'll still alarm
The Foe, and keep our Souldiers courage warm.

Phr. Does thy rash youth at length its error see?
But few hours since, with foolish bravery
Thou wert thy Rival's Buckler, and didst prove
So kind, to save him to enjoy thy Love.
My tenderness to thee has ruin'd both:
But that thy Youth I pity'd, and was loth
So many blooming hopes at once to shed,
Thy Rival, and our troubles, had been dead.

Mon. I to attain the Queen did long despair,
So plac'd my happiness in serving her.

Phr. Never contemn thy self; he who will have
Fortune or Women love him, must be brave.
Women are apt to err: that beauteous She
Who thinks her self too good, or fair for me,
Shall be too fair for all the world beside,
And take up all her pleasure in her pride.
But throw away despair, for I am here;
Thy Queen is thine, thy happiness is near:
Thy Rival shall in Chains thy Nuptials grace,
And thou his Mistress in his Tent embrace.
Be gone; I'll follow. — When I parted hence, *Exit Mon.*
My Love I trusted to this Tow'r's defence.
Ha! the Gates open! — and no Guard within!
I fear this cursed Tow'r has faithless been:
If it has, let but any Air, or Sound
Offend her, I will burn it to the ground. *Exit*

*A Bed plac'd, a Lamp by it. Enter Clarona led by
Phedra. She lies down on the Bed.*

Clar. Death, I attend thy coming; for I now
Have finish'd all I have to do below.

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I hear a noise: the ecchoing Chambers ring
With sounds confus'd.

{ *trampling
within.*

[*Phedra runs out, and returns.*]

Phed. Madam, it is the King.

Clar. And shall *Clarona* see him e're she dyes?
Is such a blessing granted to my eyes?

Enter Phraartes.

Phr. Silence, and darkness! all's not well, I fear; —
I shake! —

Clar. My Lord! —

Phr. Her Heav'nly voice I hear! —

Now to a gentle calm my passions fall,
That Divine Musick has appeas'd 'em all.

My Love! — to thy embraces let me hast; *(embraces.*
That this to all Eternity might last.

But ha! thou sigh'st and weep'st! what dost thou aile?

Art thou not well? thy cheeks are cold and pale! —

Ease, ease my Soul, for I distracted grow! —

The cause of all this pompous sorrow shew!

Why is this Lamp, this Solitude, this Bed?

Speak, e're I fall in thy embraces dead.

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One close and greedy look, and then no more.

Phr. What talk is this?

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Your wandring thoughts, see there my Father slain. —

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Which sent his Soul to everlasting rest.

Phr. Plagues! tortures! death on all by whom 'twas done!

And me, from your defence for being gone!

This has exceeded all that I cou'd fear. —

And see! — bloud! — bloud is sprinkled ev'ry where!

Where is the wound whose fatal Spring does feed

This Purple River! — run for help with speed! —

Millions of Gold to any one for aid! —

Confusion! — why is not my will obey'd?

Clar.

Clar. I have had all the help that skill can give.

Phr. Is there no hopes!

Clar. Most certain hopes.

Phr. To live!

Clar. To live.

Phr. Oh joy!

Clar. My joys indeed are near;
Ever to live in Heav'n, no longer here.

Phr. Is that your life? — I fear'd that pleasing tale (*aside.*
Of Heav'n, at last wou'd over Love prevail!

Man is a foolish Pamphlet, full of Lyes;
Lyes are his hopes, and Lyes are all his joys:
Some promise him to come, and some to stay;
Those never come, and these fly fast away.

Clar. Oh! how much Love and Excellence I leave!

Phr. Oh! how much sweetness shall the Grave receive!

Clar. How is my way to death with pleasures strew'd!
That I cou'd stay for ever on the Road;
For ever, ever, slumber on this breast:
I'm hush'd with Musick to my long — long — rest.
My belov'd Lord — — — farewell — — — (*dyes.*

Phr. She dyes! — — — she dyes! — — —

Speak once again! open once more those eyes!

Phraartes speaks to thee! — she's fled — she's fled —

And her pale Picture left me in her stead.

This — this is all of her that I must have —

And this is too the portion of the Grave.

— Away with tears! — this fond — this womanish flood! —

One kiss! — and then — to blood — revenge — and blood. (*kisses.*

Charms! — conqu'ring charms in death! — hence with her

For I begin to wander from my sense! — — — (*hence!*

Where are those lying Priests, that hang the Graves

With Maps of future Worlds? — shew me, you Slaves,

These Lands of Ghosts! — where is *Clarona* gone? { *grows*

Aloft! — I see her mounting to the Sun! — — — { *mad.*

The flaming Satyr towards her does roul,

His scorching Lust makes Summer at the Pole.

Let the hot Planet touch her if he dares! — — —

Touch her, and I will cut him into Stars,

And

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55

And the bright chips into the Ocean throw! —
 — Oh! my sick brain! — where is *Phraartes* now?
 Gone from himself! — who shall his sense restore?
 None, none, for his *Clarona* is no more! —

Enter Monobasus.

Mon. Haste hence Sir! all's on fire! Heav'n rains it down,
 Sends Troops of flame to prey upon the Town!
 A Legion now the Temple round besets,
 Thick drops of Gold the falling building sweats.
 The *Romans* strive with streams of *Jewish* blood
 To quench the fire, but 'twill not be withstood.
 A Divine fury on the flame has seiz'd,
 It claims the pile, and will not be appeas'd.
 The cursed *Jews* a League with it have made,
 And to destroy the *Romans* lend it aid;
 That a strange mixture now you may behold,
 Rivers of Fire, of Bloud, and liquid Gold.

Phr. I thank the Fire, it does revenge my wrong;
 I'll go and guide its rav'nous Troops along,
 And all the plunder I can find bestow —
 And with the World I in its arms cou'd throw. —
 Ruine from hence the Universe invade! —
 My light is set in an Eternal shade.
 Look in and see my wretched meaning there —

Mon. *Clarona* pale and slumbring does appear. (*looks in.*

Phr. Dead! dead! — gone out; that dark and fatal door
 Which once lock'd on us, never opens more;
 That vanish light no more on me shall shine,
 Now I'll prepare her Fun'ral pomp and mine.
 The *Macedonian King* but to the shade
 Of a dead Friend, whole Cities offerings made,
 Wasted whole Provinces, whole Nations slew;
 Then what shou'd I for a slain Mistress do?
 Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,
 My mighty thoughts 'bove all expression swell.

[*Offers to go, Monobasus stays him.*]

Mon. Oh stay Sir! I have lost a Mistress too, —
 And want revenge and death as well as you.

Em-

Embassadors this moment tidings bring,
 My Royal Brother's dead, and I'm a King.
 I sent 'em back, and gave my Crown away,
 And here to dye with you on purpose stay;
 For I less Glory judge it, and judge true,
 To govern Kingdoms, then to dye with you.

Phr. Gallant young King! — let me your welcom give
 To our high Rank! — much honour we receive,
 Which I am sorry we so soon shou'd lose.
 But since to share my destiny you chuse,
 I will not seek to do your Glory wrong:
 No, you shall dye with me, — then come along, —
 Our Persons, Fames, and Glories we will bear,
 To live and reign, we know not how nor where.
 In better company we cannot go;
 We dare the utmost of our Fortunes know:
 Plunge into deeps and never be perplex't,
 Be Kings this moment, and be nothing next. *Ex.*

*The Scene the Temple burning, fill'd with
 Jews lamenting.*

Om. Oh! — our Temple! — our Temple! —
1. *Jerusalem's* lost! — that Heav'n shou'd this permit!
 This Queen of Nations how in dust must sit,

Enter John and Eleazar.

Ele. What shall we do? the fire does raging grow,
 And streams of people to the *Romans* flow.

Joh. I've Prophets hir'd, who shall deliv'rance cry,
 And death to all that to the *Romans* fly.

Enter two Prophets.

1 Pro. Lift up your heads, ye people! for this hour
 Salvation comes, from Heav'n the seat of Pow'r.

2 Pro. Salvation comes! a flaming Sword she bears!
 Woe for partakers with Idolaters.

Enter

Enter a Pharisee:

Phar. Hast, hast! deliv'rance on our Swords does wait!
The *Roman* Tyrant at the Golden Gate
In person, with a Legion of his Guard,
With Fire encompass'd, is from flight debarr'd.

Job. Fall on; and lest the Pagan shou'd retire,
Set the North Chambers of the Priest on fire.

Exeunt.

An Alarm; Enter Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, and Antiochus.

Tib. Gods! at what rash design does *Cæsar* aim,
To plunge himself thus deep in bloud and flame?

Tit. Oh save this building!

Mal. Sir, all hopes are past,
The mounted flame does keep his seat too fast.

Ant. Besides, the Dogs do their own Temple burn,
These fiery Spears against our breasts to turn.

An Alarm; Enter an Officer.

Offic. Hast, hast, Sir, succours to your Legions bring,
They fall in crouds before the *Parthian* King.

On yonder burning Mount, which all commands,

He like another flaming Mountain stands;

And fights, and kills, with rage so much above

All that is Man, the *Romans* think him *Jove*.

Some cry for mercy, some by terrour fall;

By fear, by fire, and him, they perish all.

Tit. That triple League no longer shall succeed;

The King, the mighty Chief of it, with speed

Shall be undeify'd by my own hands:

While I ascend with the *Prætorian* Bands,

Tiberius, King *Antiochus* and you

The Rebels in the upper Tow'r subdue.

Rebellion there has long my Pow'r defy'd,

But I will wound him now on ev'ry side:

Cut off that *Hydra's* head all at a blow,
That no more new ones in the stead may grow. *Ex.*

*After an Alarm within, Enter Malchus and
Tiberius meeting,*

Mal. To *Cesar* hast, with all the speed you can,
The *Parthian King* is something more then Man;
At least he is in League with Pow'r's Divine,
For Heav'n and Earth in his assistance joyn:
Voices are heard, and Visions seen in Air,
Thunder and Lightning to his aid repair.

Tib. Strange things you tell; and which does yet encrease
My wonder more, the strange and sudden Peace
Is made between the *Parthian King* and Gods:
'Tis not long since they were at mortal odds. *Exeunt.*

*The Scene is drawn, and Phraartes, Monobasus, and their
followers are seen defending a high rockie Mount. The
Romans oft attempt to Scale it, but are beaten down
by great Stones flung on their heads: Titus, Tiberius,
Malchus, Antiochus, come to their assistance, Scale the
Mount, and after some opposition ascend and take it.
After a fight upon the Mount, the Scene closes. A shout
of Triumph. The Scene changes to the Town. Enter
Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, Antiochus.*

Tit. This loud and open flattery forbear,
This publick impudence; I hate to wear
A Robe of Glory which is not my own,
And tread on ashes which I ought to Crown.

Tib. The *Parthian* Monarch's valour all must own;
But that does add the more to your Renown,
Whose greater valour conquer'd so much odds:
The King, the Fire, the Thunder, and the Gods.

Tit. Vainglorious falshood still, and flatt'ry all;
He fell by Gods, by Gods alone cou'd fall.
At first the Gods against the *Romans* fought;
As they the Glory to destroy him sought,

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For whom the whole World's Empire was too small,
Who was too great by mortal hands to fall.

Tib. I'm sure the Visions help'd him while they stay'd.

Tit. They did; but he, contemning of their aid,
Enrag'd they intermedled with his Fame,
Chasing us, sunk in Ambuscades of flame,
The Gods had laid, to save their Favorite, *Rome*:
Yet scarce durst stay to execute their doom,
But flung the burning Temple on his head;
Then straight for shelter to their Heav'n they fled:
Thus down alive into the shades he fell,
And stead of dying, he invaded Hell.

Tib. *Cesar* this vast Revenue of Renown
May give away, and not impair his own.
Your Eagles now, Great Sir, their wings have spread
O're all the Town, and struck Rebellion dead.
See, mighty Sir, beneath your feet in Chains,
The torn dissected Monster's last remains.
This bloody villain, Hunger; — this, surprise

(pointing to John and Eleazar.

Drove from strong Vaults, that might all force despise.

Ant. With these, some thousand Captives, Sir, are torn
From their Retreats, your Triumph to adorn.
The noble *Jews* in Battel chose to fall,
And bravely with their Country perish'd all.

Tib. Of all the slain the numbers to compute,
The numb'ring Art of Rules is destitute:
The Earth cannot suffice the dead for Graves,
Nor Iron Mines yield Chains enough for Slaves.

Tit. These Slaves shall satisfy me for this guilt,
And for the blood of all their Nation spilt:
Conduct 'em hence, and Guard 'em to their doom,
They shall be publick spectacles in *Rome*;
First wait on my Triumphal Chariot there,
Then in a spacious Amphitheatre
I'll for this Triumph build, be all enclos'd,
And to wild Beasts in open view expos'd.

Tib. Now Sir, that none of their surviving Race,
(As some will from your clemency find grace)

In after ages may their fancies please,
 With hopes from double-meaning Prophecies,
 The plainest sense of 'em we will display,
 And in their ears fulfill 'em all to day.
 Besides the heaps wherewith their Scrouls abound,
 On an old Tow'r we an Inscription found,
 Where it was writ, — One day in Jewish Land
 A man shall rise, who shall the World command.
 These foolish Slaves apply'd the Gods intent
 To their base Nation, which to you was meant,
 On you, Sir, it shall be fulfill'd this hour,
 You are proclaim'd that mighty Emperour.

A shout.

Om. Long live *Titus Vespasian* Emperour of Rome!

Tit. My thanks to all my Troops; I'll gratefull prove
 For all their Valour, Loyalty, and Love.
 Oh! now I have receiv'd the fatal blow,
 And must from Love to worlds of Glory go:
 Leaving all joys for ever out of sight,
 Which gave my Soul in th'other state delight.
 Where is the Queen? my promise I forget,
 For I must see, perhaps retain her yet.

Tib. Great Sir, (as I have been inform'd) displeas'd
 You stay'd so long, she has her rage appeas'd,
 And all her sorrow chang'd into disdain,
 Lamenting most, she did so much complain.
 She now for ever has renounc'd your sight,
 And is preparing for a speedy flight.

Ant. Not far from hence, her Train and Chariots stay:

Mal. And see, she's vail'd, and coming, Sir, this way.

Enter Berenice and Semandra.

Tit. Ah, Madam! whither —

Ber. Trouble me no more.

Tit. I but one word, one look from you implore.

Ber. Pray Sir retire.

Tit. Whence does this change arise?

Ber. Why talk you, Sir, with one you so despise?

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You have attain'd the Empire you desire,
To the applauses of your Troops retire:
The Musick which did so delight your ears,
And ravish you, whilst I lay drown'd in tears,
Let 'em once more their cruel joy repeat;
Though wherein I have ever given so great
Offence to all your Troops, I cannot tell,
Except it was in Loving you too well.

Tit. Oh, Madam! do you mind a foolish croud?

Ber. They speak their Emp'rours sense too plain, and loud;
And whom you slight, they surely may contemn.
Go Sir, you have attain'd the Diadem
So long desir'd and sought; observant be
To all your Laws, and be not seen with me.
I'm going now your orders to obey,
And shall not long afflict you with my stay.

Tit. Oh! to my Love, you great injustice do;
Do I prefer th'Imperial Throne to you?

Ber. Why else to banishment must I be sent?

Tit. Oh! Gods! and see you not my great constraint,
By what strong maxims I am captive led,
What Pikes and Javelins guard th'Imperial Bed?
And it were yet more baseness to submit,
And for the sake of Love, the Empire quit;
That were a folly nothing cou'd redeem,
For Love, to lose your Love and your esteem.
You wou'd look back and blush, to see your Chains
Drag after you the wretched small remains
Of a poor Emperour despis'd, forlorn,
Whom you in Honour wou'd be forc'd to scorn.

Ber. These are great maxims, Sir, it is confess,
Too stately for a womans narrow breast.
Poor Love is lost in mens capacious minds;
In ours it fills up all the room it finds.
I cannot tell what Glories you pursue,
I'd quit the Empire of the World for you.

Tit. And Madam, what for you wou'd I refuse?
But poorly Empire and Renown to lose,
Were all those just pretences to forsake,
I to so brave a heart as yours can make;

So giving Fame for Love, should forfeit both.
 For Madam, say, wou'd not your Spirit loath
 An abject Prince, who should such meanness shew,
 He poorly should for Love to Exile go?
 Yet this inglorious Exile I must chuse,
 Or Throne, Life, Glory, You, and all must lose.

Ber. No, you shall lose no Glory for my sake,
 I nothing from you, but my self, will take:
 With too much flame I love *Vespasian* still,
 To let him bear for me the least of ill.

So great a Love for you my heart contains,
 I'd go to *Rome* with you a Slave in Chains;
 But think it hard you should my Love requite,
 With driving me for ever from your sight.

Tit. Must my misfortunes still my crimes be thought?
 Oh! Gods! in what distractions am I brought?

Ber. You of your own distractions can complain;
 But mine, though greater, I lament in vain.
 Say all your grief is more then a pretence,
 You have Renown your loss to recompence,
 And by your own free choice your self undo;
 But I am into Exile sent by you.
 Despis'd, forlorn, disgrac'd, inglorious made,
 Nothing in my obscure and mournfull shade
 To comfort me, for all the wrongs I bear,
 But death, — whose aid I will not long deferr.

[*Offers to go out in passion, but is stoppt by Titus.*]

Tit. What do you threat me with? — strive not in vain,
 You shall not stir whilst these sad thoughts remain.
 This shall not be the Tragical event
 Of parting: — stay, unless 'tis your intent
 I should at farewell some revenge afford,
 And at your feet fall dead upon my Sword.
 If ever you would kind to me appear,
 If ever *Titus* to the Queen was dear,
 As to my life any regard you bear,
 Do not part from me in this sad despair.

Ber. I can deny you nothing; I will still
 Live and be wretched, since it is your will.

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I hope though I to Exile must remove,
I am not wholly banish'd from your Love.
The Laws of *Rome* do not their Emp'rour bind,
At once to chace me from his sight, and mind:
And 'tis no fundamental rule of State,
Of a poor Queen the memory to hate.

Tit. I hate your memory! — Oh most unkind!
Why with these words do you afflict my mind?
The thought of you is all the joy (Heav'n knows!)
I in my glorious banishment propose.
Since the first hour my heart to Love did bow,
It never felt such tenderness as now; —
Witness these tears — (weeps.

Ber. Oh Sir! these are not due! —
An Emp'rour weep! — and must I pity you?
Shew me less Love, that I may part with ease.

Tit. Oh! Gods! who thought of these extremities!

Ber. Who could have thought a Love so chaste as mine,
So great, so pure, so void of all design,
Should so unfortunate to me have prov'd?
Wou'd I had never seen, or never Lov'd.

[*She pauses to weep, and then proceeds.*]

Well Sir, your sorrow kindly I resent;
So kindly, that I'll go to banishment:
Since till I'm gone unhappy you must be,
I will make room for your felicity.
Let Pow'r *Vespasian* to her self enjoy,
I will not enviously by stay destroy
So great advancement of th'Imperial Throne,
Better one Queen, then the whole World undone.
And for your future peace, I will provide
Some Cave this troubler of the world shall hide,
Where I till death will Love you as before,
But never interrupt your Glory more.

Ex.

Tit. Oh! I am lost! —

Tib. Now the great Combate's done,
All danger's over, and the day's your own.
Altars and Temples now —

Tit.

64 *The Destruction, &c. Part II.*

Tis Oh! I despise
 Those flatt'ring pomps, and splendid mockeries,
 Where I am worshipt like a Pow'r Divine,
 And yet all hearts are free to Love but mine:
 My self I'll longer on the wrack retain,
 And at her Chariot see her once again;
 Then gaze till wide and spacious Seas of Air
 Drown the last view, and then for death prepare;
 I mean that tedious death, which men wou'd faign
 Guild with the specious title of a Reign.
 Prepare to march by the approach of day,
 I hate in this abandon'd place to stay,
 Where I am hourly with the thoughts pursu'd
 Of the Queens tears, and my ingratitude. *Ex.*

FINIS.

